

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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A WONDERFUL STORY OF OUR TIME

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Ten

A NATION AND A LITTLE CHILD

THE PITIFUL CASE OF THE LINDBERGH BABY

The Trouble at the Bottom of a Kidnapping Tragedy

LESSON FOR U.S.A.

If good can come out of evil the astounding case of the Lindbergh baby, found dead near its home after a pitiful search of nearly three months, may awaken the people of the United States to a sense of their responsibility to the laws under which they live.

The Law is the greatest thing on Earth. No people can systematically treat it lightly and survive.

When the news of the kidnapping of the child from its nursery was first cabled to Europe it seemed almost a practical joke. Even the report of a ransom demanded by the kidnappers seemed too absurd to be true.

A Cruel and Wicked Crime

As week after week went by and the baby was not restored to its parents it became certain that this was no joke, but a cruel and wicked crime. Every detail which confirmed its reality added to the astonishment felt in Europe that such a thing could happen.

The strangest thing of all was that the astonishment was confined to Europe. In the United States it caused none. Kidnapping for ransom had become so common as to be a recognised way among American criminals of making money. In one year there were nearly 300 kidnappings in the United States investigated by the police. Half as many again were probably never reported because the sufferers from them preferred to deal directly with the kidnappers instead of adopting the course of calling in the police.

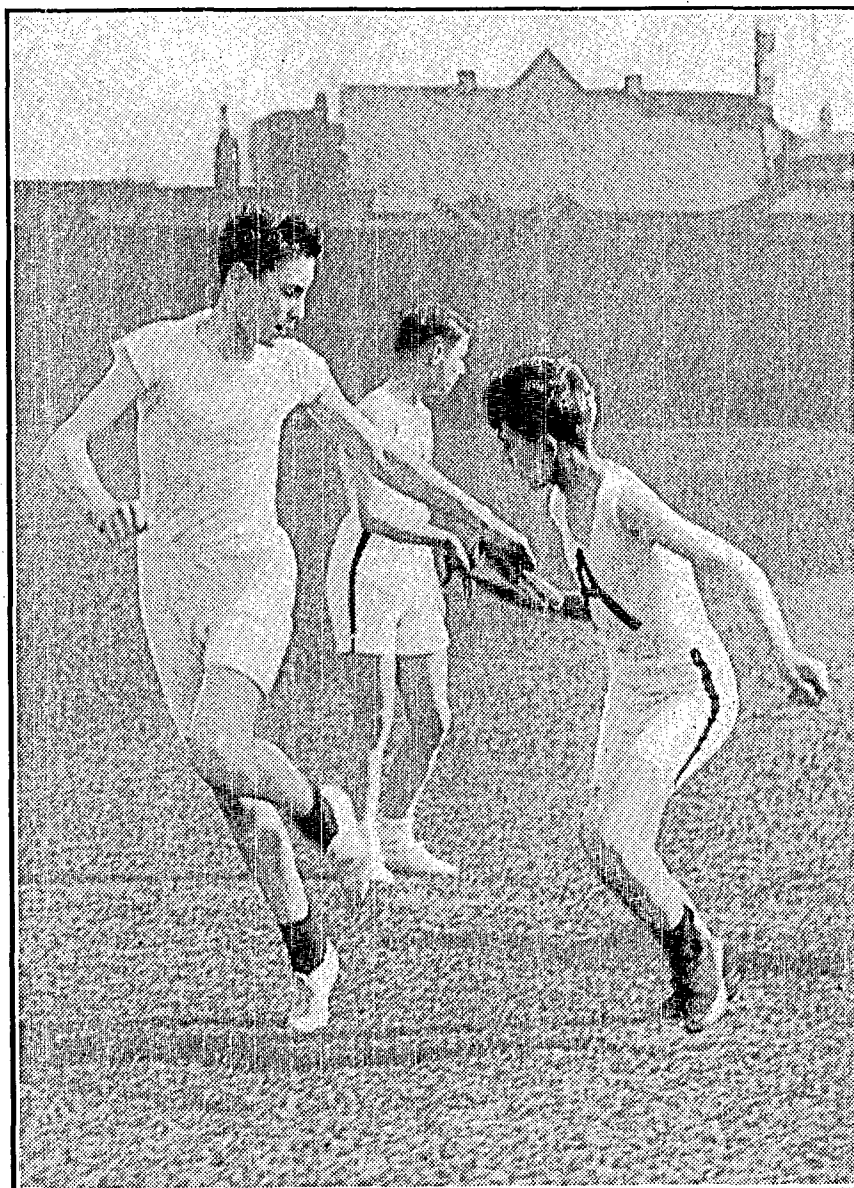
A Highly Organised Industry

In short, kidnapping has become a highly organised American industry. There are others of the same kind.

Bootlegging, which means the sale of liquor in defiance of the Prohibition Law, is so well known and so profitable that it hardly calls for mention. Its profits could never have reached their huge dimensions of hundreds of millions of dollars a year unless a vast number of people had deliberately become law-breakers by buying the liquor.

The opportunity of unlawful profit threw wide open the gates to further lawbreaking, which steadily grew more criminal. Bootlegging demanded criminal organisation, and the organisation stopped at nothing. Murder was a commonplace in it. The 12,000 murders in the United States were nearly all organised by gangs. The murder of the little Lindbergh baby is just one more. With the development of this form of crime came the opportunity of using

The Relay Race



Our photographer has succeeded in catching the excitement of the moment when the baton is handed over to the next runner in a relay race at a school's sports in London.

the organisation for other criminal purposes on a large scale. The most prominent of them was and is racketeering, the operation of holding a man's business to ransom by blackmail.

If the man is a builder putting up a factory he must pay blackmail to a racketeering organisation which, if he refuses, will burn down his building or attack his workmen.

Businesses in any industry are subjected to this blackmail. The baker who makes biscuits must pay a levy to the racketeers. He may have to buy his flour at an enhanced price from a bootlegging organisation which has an interest in a flour mill.

Even ginger ale may have to pay a tax to these brigands, who are the American equivalent of the robber barons of medieval Europe. It was calculated that through the hands of the chief gangster of Chicago some £25,000,000 a year passed. Only a portion of his profits were made from the sale of liquor; the rest was made

up from levies on nearly every form of business activity, honest or illicit. But when this extraordinary gangster finally fell into the clutches of the law it was not for the crimes with which his profits might have been associated, but for evading Income Tax, for not paying the State enough on his ill-gotten gains. It was the only way in which he could be reached!

All other tracks of the criminal organisation were covered up. Their successful concealment was due to the fact that millions of money were spent in stifling evidence and in bribing officials who might have made it public.

Here is the foundation of the deep canker in American life. It exists because the American people have not really a deep sense of law and of obedience to law. Through the larger American cities there is an absence of that civic spirit which makes the law, its observance and its enforcement in small things as in great, the most important thing in the life of a community.

FATE OF A VANISHED COLONY

EXPLORERS SEARCHING INTO A MYSTERY

A Greenland Colony That Was Lost to Sight

TALE OF 1000 YEARS AGO

A Swedish-Danish expedition will this year be sent to Greenland to inquire into the tragic fate of the medieval Scandinavians who once settled on those inhospitable shores and who, after almost five centuries had passed by, became extinct.

When, about a thousand years ago, the Scandinavian Viking chief Leif Eriksson returned to Iceland, after having discovered the North American continent, which he called Wineland, another Viking, Erik the Red, sailed westward across the Atlantic. He then struck Greenland, of which he must have seen a small green spot, since he gave that great island, mostly covered with Arctic ice, its peculiar name. There he founded a colony which in the course of centuries developed to such an extent that at one time it numbered some 300 farms, 15 churches, several monasteries, a bishopric, and a population of perhaps 3000 people.

The Popular Theory

The Scandinavian colony strove to maintain communication with the American continent, but in the long run failed to do so, whereas its connections with Europe continued until the beginning of the 15th century. During that century, however, the connections were severed for a long period, and when some Icelandic ships visited Greenland the next time it was discovered that the colonists had died out, and their buildings lay mouldering.

The popular theory for centuries has been that the Scandinavian settlers had trouble with the Eskimos, who were supposed to have exterminated them.

Hardships of the Climate

The two leaders of this year's expedition, Dr Noerland and Dr Stenberger, however, do not share this very widely accepted opinion.

They believe instead that, owing to the isolation of a numerically decreasing population, to which no new blood was added, the last descendants of the Vikings were unable to withstand the hardships of the climate.

Earlier excavations of skeletons have shown that the last colonists must have completely degenerated, that their height was reduced, and that they had suffered from rickets and scurvy.

Remains of clothes that have been found show that they still maintained connections with Europe about the middle of the 15th century, but during the next fifty years they appear to have died out.

See World Map

SIR JAMES JEANS IS NOT SURE

IS THE UNIVERSE WHAT HE THOUGHT IT WAS?

Foundations of Modern Ideas May Happen To Be Wrong

DOUBTS OF THE WISE

Sir James Jeans, growing more familiar with the Mysterious Universe of his early imaginings, now calls it the New Universe.

But it is the same old Universe, and though it grudgingly yields some of its character and history to the eye of the telescope, and more to the penetrating eye of the mathematician, it keeps back more than it reveals.

As Sir James Jeans confessed, there is a point where mathematics will not help. There is a knowledge probably for ever beyond our reach.

A Bewildering Picture

The telescopes and the mathematicians combined have made for us a bewildering picture of this New Universe. What Sir James meant by the old one was probably that known to the 19th-century astronomers and mathematicians who pictured the Milky Way as the sole Universe of stars. They knew it as a galaxy of millions of stars which light could cross in some 30,000 years.

That was a puny thing by the side of the New Universe, in which our own galaxy of many millions of stars is only a unit. The spiral nebulae, which the 19th century knew only as rather strange luminous objects which might be gas, are known to the 20th century as island universes or galaxies not unlike our own.

But that is the least strange thing about them. What is so strange as to be almost beyond explanation is that they are all flying away from our Milky Way Universe, and the farther they go the faster they fly.

Marvels of Outer Space

There are two millions of them. Light from the farthest that has yet been photographed in the greatest of the world's telescopes takes 140 million years to reach the lens. Yet space must go on beyond even that almost invisible speck, which is a universe; and if we ever double the telescope's power we shall know more millions of its fellows.

All are moving away from us and all from one another. The nearest, which receives our light, as we receive the light it gives, only after the lapse of two million years, is moving outward at 210 miles a second.

But the farther ones may be flying off at 15,000 miles a second, and if we could find a nebula at twelve times the range of our greatest telescope we should find it moving away at the speed of light itself.

What Science Cannot Tell

To such fantastic imaginings does mathematics, backed up by a great deal of actual observation through the telescope, lead the constructors of the New Universe. They picture it as something that is expanding all through its structure, and at its outer limits moving with a speed that begins like an explosion and ends (if it does end) with the speed of light.

But why the Universe, new or old, behaves like this, and what the trigger was that started it on this mad career, Science cannot tell us. As Sir James Jeans says, "the knowledge is probably for ever beyond our reach."

There is an alternative, which even this great and modest mathematician admits, and it is that the calculations, and even some of the observed motions on which the calculations were founded, may prove to be deceptive.

It may be that the nebulae present in appearance to the astronomer's

SET HIM ON FIRE

What To Do With the Litter Lout

If ever there was a real Guy it is the Litter Lout.

On Saddleworth moors the Lancashire men have not waited till the Fifth of November to put him in the bonfire. They did it with all high ceremony in May. By this timely step they gave a warning to the Litter Lout to keep off the grass before the buttercups and daisies come.

The ceremony was well attended by a Ramblers Rally. The ramblers met in Chew Valley, Greenfield, and the moor wardens of Oldham and thereabouts received them and made all the arrangements. The chief of these was that of preparing a Guy of the Litter Lout in the likeness of a scarecrow filled with straw and paper and his own litter.

What Lancashire Thinks Today

The scarecrow, having been first suspended to a tree, was taken to a bonfire and burned amid cheers from the multitude and speeches from select sympathisers. These included Mr A. Crossley, M.P. for Oldham, Mr H. P. Mitchell, one of the founders of the Camping Club of Great Britain, and Mr H. Clarke, chairman of the Oldham moor wardens; and the ramblers who attended came from Oldham and other neighbouring Lancashire towns. We sincerely hope that what Lancashire thinks today about litter louts all England will think tomorrow.

The ceremony of burning the Litter Lout at the beginning of the camping season might be usefully imitated in many places, and we feel sure that a fire thus lighted in the country would not be allowed to go out.

FOES MEET AS FRIENDS

Not long ago we told the story of an Iron Cross which was restored to a German family by an Englishman who had befriended a dying Bavarian.

A Tasmanian reader now sends us another story of a war-time enemy and a peace-time friend. Only a week before he read the article there was a Toc H meeting near Hobart, and after many years two men met in very different circumstances from those existing when they first saw one another.

During one of the advances in the war an Australian private was discovered in the grip of a grim struggle with an equally athletic German soldier. The officer-in-charge, who came along at that moment, ended the combat by taking the German prisoner.

After hostilities ceased there were homecomings all over the world and settling down to civil life again. The war-time enemy was sent back to Germany and his Australian combatant returned to his home in Hobart.

Lately the German went on a visit to Tasmania, and when he was at Hobart he heard of the Toc H meeting. He attended it, and the two men recognised each other. This time they shook hands as friends.

Continued from the previous column

examination which means something other than that they are moving away at these enormous speeds. Possibly the Universe is neither expanding nor increasing in size. It may be that space is not curved, as the mathematicians now assert, but goes on for ever in a straight line past all human imagining.

It may be (as Sir Oliver Lodge said about another mystery of the Universe, the Ether) that we are not meant to know. But that does not mean that we must not try, if we do so with the ever-present consciousness that the whole truth must be for God alone.

STOP PRESS ON THE MICE PLAGUE

DANGER NOW OVER

The Queer Devices Australia Tried For Getting Rid of Them

ALL SORTS OF TRAPS

Here is another message for the Pied Piper of Hamelin, whom we asked urgently to go to the Mallee district in Victoria to see if he could do anything about the mice which were swarming like hordes of locusts among the wheat.

His presence is no longer necessary. Cold weather and torrential rainfall have caused such havoc among the pests that all danger is now over.

In his absence New South Wales and Victoria have fallen back on the mouse trap, and during the recent plague many kinds of trap were invented.

The Baking-Powder Tin

An Australian correspondent sends us an account of some of the varieties of this ancient remedy which were brought into action. They may prove useful in homes which are in less dire need of them.

One of the simplest, which depends on the venturesome spirit of mice, is that of a baking-powder tin strung over water. The mouse runs along the string easily, but on reaching the tin finds it turning swiftly underneath him. Into the water he goes and the tin is ready for another mouse.

Another trap is a bottle over water. In the cork is a needle and at the end of the needle a piece of cheese. The mouse, in running down the neck of the bottle to get the prize, slips into the pool, like a bather on the greasy pole in water sports. But this is no game for the mouse, and there is no second try.

Excess and Famine

There are many other traps of a more ordinary kind. In the town of Narrabri, which was at the heart of the recent invasion, nearly 6000 were sold, and if there is an excess of mice there is a famine in traps.

The birds, especially that minor bird of prey called the butcher bird, joined in the hunt, following the farmer's plough as it disturbed the mice. Even the domestic fowl has proved useful.

Australia has earned the name of the Empty Continent because of the vigour with which she has kept immigrants out and her population down. But she has been less successful with pests.

OLD FRIENDS AT TOYNBEE HALL

Of all the birthdays during her long life Dame Henrietta Barnett must have enjoyed her eighty-first the most.

Not long ago Toynbee Hall gave a birthday party in honour of this wonderful old lady, who, in spite of her many activities, has found time to paint a picture which is hung in this year's Academy.

Many old friends were at home to her, most of them being fellow-workers in her ceaseless efforts for social improvement. The chair was taken by Lord Burnham, who has helped Mrs Barnett for over 40 years in experiments which have spread reforms in all parts of the country.

In her delightful speech Mrs Barnett declared that if ever she wrote another book it would be called *On People I Remember*. And the first chapter would be about a mother who hawked toys in the street and was one of the noblest human beings she had ever known.

Mrs Barnett spoke of the joys of old age. "If I had died at 40," she said, "I should not have had half the friends that I have at 80, nor should I have understood them so well. There is very great joy in recalling their noble deeds, their incalculable unselfishness, and their patient service."

KEEPING THE SEA IN ITS PLACE

A Little More For England at Hunstanton

Hunstanton on the Wash has added to its defences.

It has won back four acres of land from the encroaching sea, and in doing so has provided work for a number of men who would otherwise have been drawing the dole.

Much low-lying land at Hunstanton was protected last century by the construction of a sea-wall 800 yards long; and this was extended for about another 350 yards a few years ago. But even then the shore was threatened with erosion for about 700 yards farther south, where an artificial bank gave some protection.

Temporary protective measures were taken, but it soon became apparent that the sea-wall and promenade, which ended at Seagate, would have to be extended farther south.

Four Acres of Foreshore

With the help of the Unemployment Grants Committee the local council was able to finance the scheme, and labour was brought into the town from distressed areas in Yorkshire, Lancashire, Durham, and Northumberland. In building the 400-yards extension to the sea-wall great blocks of reinforced concrete, each weighing 40 tons, have been used. These were made where they were wanted, largely from material found on the beach.

The construction of this wall has enabled four acres of foreshore to be reclaimed. A boating lake of an acre and a quarter has been made, and the material excavated in its construction has been used for the filling and backing of the 30-foot promenade which surmounts the sea-wall. In the reclaimed area are pleasant walks and shelters and garden rockeries.

Where the wall now ends a wire cage revetment filled with stones begins, and this runs south for about another 400 yards, thus giving complete protection to this part of the coast.

The new extension has just been opened for public use, and Hunstanton, now safe from the encroaching sea, has a fine sea-wall and mile-long promenade.

THE EGYPT'S GOLD

Last autumn the attempt to raise gold and silver worth a million pounds from the sunken liner Egypt had to be abandoned just as success seemed to be in sight.

Fresh efforts are to be made again this year, and a diver who has been down to the wreck, which lies off Ushant, has found that the winter gales have caused little change. The salvage ship Artiglio should soon be on the scene again, her divers making efforts to break through the roof of the strong-room.

THINGS SAID

Scott did not aspire to teach; it was his province to please. Lord Hanworth

Some whales can plunge downwards a mile in six minutes. Mr E. G. Boulenger

I would abolish boardings tomorrow if I could. Dean of Westminster

The Scout Movement is a direct service to God and man, a service any religion will support. The Chief Scout

I have never enjoyed any meals so much as the bacon I used to cook on the engine shovel. Mr J. H. Thomas

Shakespeare and the Authorised Version make a very good private library. Lord Crawford

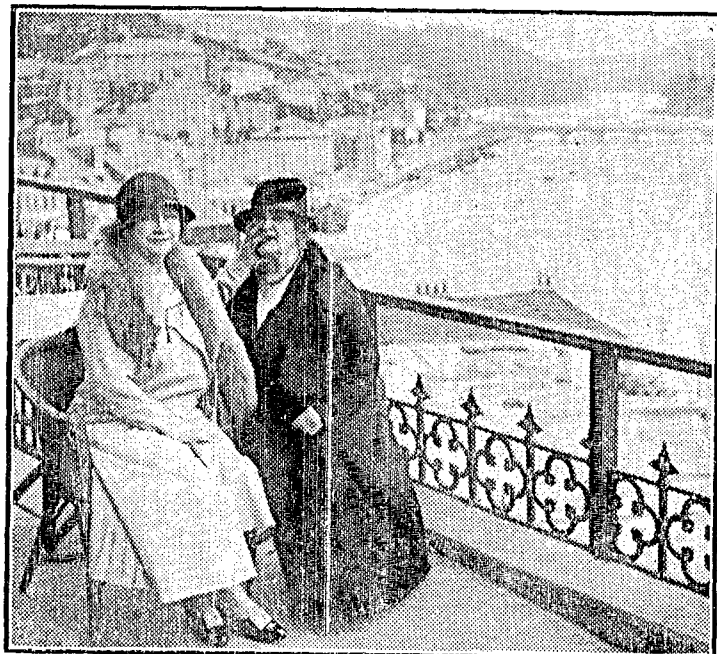
There was not a man in Shakespeare's time who did not believe that spirits could make themselves visible. Professor Kittredge of Harvard

May 28, 1932

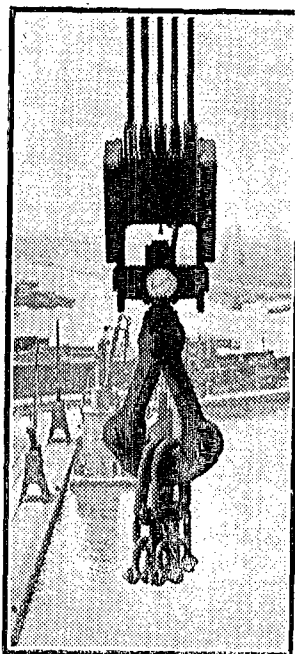
The Children's Newspaper

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A FAMOUS VISITOR · AMERICAN SCULPTURE · TATTOO AND TOURNAMENT



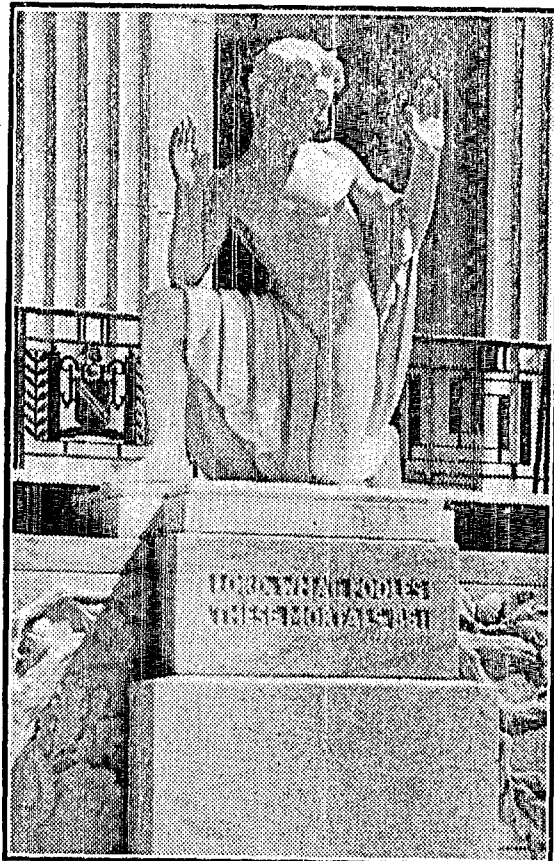
A Famous Visitor—Helen Keller, the American author who was born blind, deaf, and dumb, has been staying at Looe in Cornwall. She is seen here reading the lips of Miss Sullivan, her teacher for 45 years. See page 5.



Crane's Hand—Here are the block and shackles of a giant crane in the London Docks, capable of lifting 150 tons.



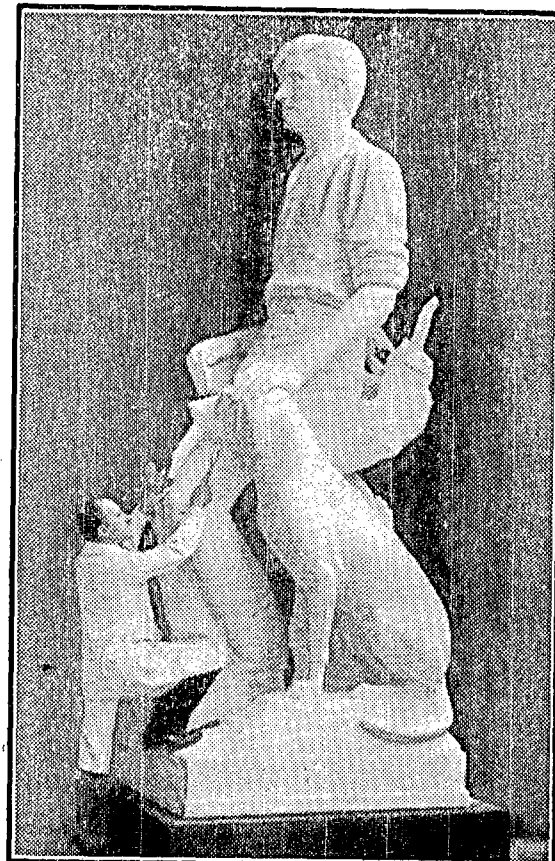
A Rooftop Artist—On a roof at Blackfriars, quite near to the C.N. office and almost under the shadow of the dome of St Paul's, this artist is at work on a picture of the view across the Thames.



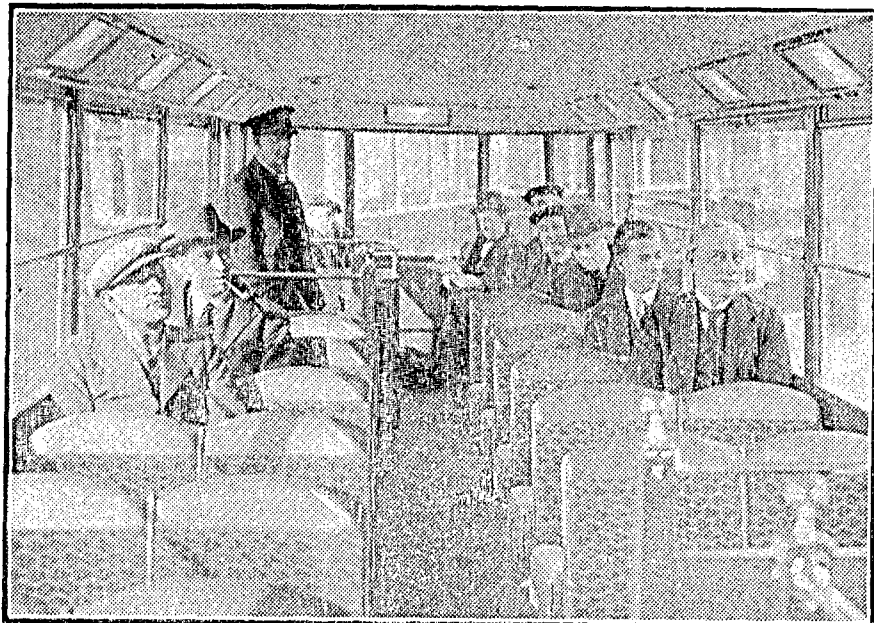
The Mischievous Sprite—A delightful figure of Puck, the little sprite in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, adorns the Folger Shakespeare Library at Washington, dedicated recently by President Hoover.



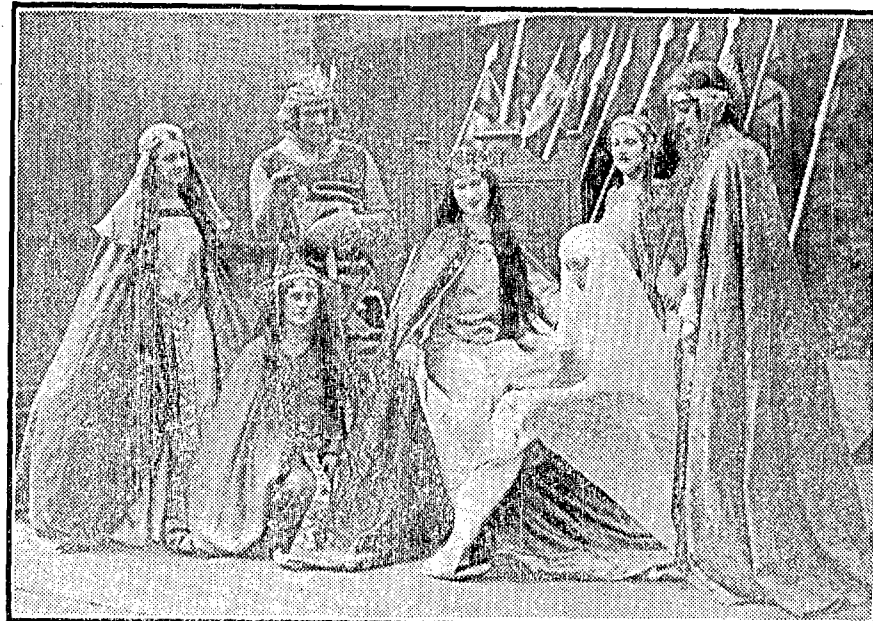
Famous Figures at the Tattoo—Rehearsals have been taking place for some time for the wonderful Searchlight Tattoo that is held at Aldershot each year. Three of these players are to represent Marlborough, Drake, and Nelson.



Lincoln as a Youth—We are more familiar with pictures of Abraham Lincoln as a bearded man. Here is Paul Manship with his model of Lincoln as a youth. A bronze cast is to be erected at Fort Wayne in Indiana.



London's New Trams—London trams of a new type have lately been introduced. As may be seen from this photograph taken on an upper deck, they are excellently appointed.



The First Prince of Wales—An interesting scene at the Royal Tournament at Olympia is the pageant of the first Prince of Wales, here seen with Edward the First and Queen Eleanor.

THE GLORY OF THE BLUEBELLS

ARE WE TO LOSE IT?
Grave Warning To Thoughtless
Holiday-Makers

WANTON DESTRUCTION THAT MUST BE STOPPED

Bluebell time is round again, and one of the greatest pleasures of the year is drawing millions into the country.

It is tragic to think that the generations to come may not know this joy of seeing a wood so blue with myriads of these lovely flowers that it seems as if the sky has fallen down.

Ten years ago there was a beautiful wood within 15 miles of St Paul's where bluebells and primroses grew to perfection. Today there is not a primrose left. Year after year devastating hordes of visitors invade this beautiful place, and hundreds of primrose plants have been ruthlessly uprooted and sold on street stalls for bedding-out in gardens.

If the same rate of destruction goes on there will not be a bluebell left in this wood in another ten years. Already these flowers have shrunk to about a tenth of their former area.

Widespread Ruin

The bluebell is supreme among our wild flowers for its gift of beauty, but it has not even thorns or prickles with which it can protect itself. It is true that an unpleasant, sticky juice exudes on the hand if the stalk is broken. But the picker has long ago discovered that, and he now pulls the stalk clean out by the white. By doing this he kills the plant, for water percolates into the bulb, which quickly rots and dies. He also destroys many plants by trampling on them while picking.

Now that the countryside has been opened up to the general public by means of cheap cars and motor-coaches the supply of bluebells is not large enough to go round. What used to be a pleasant occupation for a few people now spells ruin and desolation of the countryside if indulged in by millions.

A Desperate Situation

The barbarian hordes which pour out of the towns on high days and holidays and during week-ends pick every flower they can manage to take home and often throw them wantonly on the roadside. The surviving flowers, instead of presenting that solid, phalanx which gives a bluebell wood its unsurpassed beauty, stand isolated here and there, a pitiful remnant left behind by these selfish, thoughtless people, most of whom have pulled them up in sheaves.

The situation is so desperate that the time for even moderate picking has passed. There is no excuse today for the picker who pleads that he only takes a handful of flowers, for he is doing harm that can never be made good.

Why Not Help Nature?

Greater London has a population larger than the whole of Belgium and more than three times as great as that of Wales. The flower-hunting barbarian and the Litter Lout between them are turning the woods and beautiful places near by into wrecks and deserts. Many other wild flowers, once abundant, are becoming alarmingly scarce.

The Society for the Protection of Wild Flowers, particulars of which may be obtained from the Secretary, Mount Severn, Llanidloes, North Wales, deserves far more supporters. England has always been the most beautiful of all gardens, yet we pick the flowers, uproot the ferns, tear the branches off the trees, catch rabbits in torturing traps, rob bird's nests, set fire to gorse and heather, and leave bottles and paper everywhere. If we will only stop to think a little and cease our wanton destruction Nature will do the rest for us.

EMPTY FOR CENTURIES

A Norman Castle on
the Darent

MEMORIAL TO A FAMOUS FAMILY

There passed away last year, at their old home in one of the loveliest parks in Kent, within a week or two of each other, Sir William and Lady Emily Hart Dyke. Sir William was 93, the last survivor of Queen Victoria's Ministers; Lady Emily was 83, and for over 50 years this gracious lady took an interest in the village of Eynsford, by which her old home stands. She left its village hall to be held in trust for the people of Eynsford for ever.

It is now proposed that the long association of the Hart Dykes with this ancient village shall be marked by some memorial, and it is hoped not only to



Eynsford Castle, 800 years old

restore and improve the village hall, but to obtain in trust for the nation the fine Norman castle on the banks of the Darent at Eynsford.

It is a historic place in a beautiful scene, for the little River Darent runs through what is perhaps the finest valley within an hour of London; and close by the Norman castle on its banks is the Norman doorway of the church, the closing of which by Thomas Becket against the lord of the castle is believed to have been the beginning of the trouble between Becket and the king.

These castle walls, still proudly standing, have been here 800 years, and they are probably unique in England, for they have been deserted through nearly all the centuries since William de Eynsford, filled with remorse by the murder of Becket, abandoned his castle and became a monk.

A Noble Treasure

The village trustees will then hold on behalf of the village a fine hall adequate for every need and the Community Council will hold for the nation one of the most romantic and best preserved Norman castles in our countryside. For all this, and to secure the maintenance of the castle in the future, £500 is needed. It is little in comparison with the generous giving of Sir William and Lady Hart Dyke through more than half a century of public service and goodwill, and it is felt that many beyond the bounds of the village will wish to send a mite to secure a memorial for a gracious lady and a noble treasure for the nation.

The Editor of the C.N., who is greatly interested in the memorial, will gladly receive any contribution his friends will send.

LITTLE MR LANG

The extraordinary situation in New South Wales has been brought to an end by the Governor's dismissal of Mr Lang from office.

The event has created a new spirit of hopefulness in the State, which will now be able to resume its dignified place as the Mother State of the Commonwealth.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Aquino Ah-kee-no
Astarte As-tar-teh
Calabria Ka-lay-bre-ah
Curaçao Koo-rah-sah-o
Marquesas Mar-kay-sas
Terracina Terra-che-nah

WE CAN

But Should We?

AND WHAT DO WE DO WITH THE CAN?

The growth of the British canning industry is like an industrial fairy story.

In 1928 we turned out a little less than eight million cans containing food. Last year, in spite of bad trade, the number had risen to 83 millions!

This multiplication by more than ten in only three years is really remarkable. Upon consideration we suppose that the true explanation is that the thing ought to have been done before. For many years we have been content to take our canned goods mostly from abroad. Now we make cans and put food into them, which is obviously good both for the tin-can makers and the fruit and vegetable growers.

Other Problems

Unfortunately there are other sides to the question.

The first is that it is gravely to be doubted whether it is good for our people to consume so much preserved food. Food is not so obvious as it may seem to the unthinking. Science has discovered that there are subtle things about nutrition which long went unsuspected. Has tinned food all the vital qualities which attach to fresh food? It is a question upon which we should like to have an authoritative pronouncement.

There is no reason to suppose that tinned food may not be made both safe and healthy; but it is not clear that it can ever be as life-giving as the fresh product of Nature. Indeed, we may go further and suppose with reason that a diet is best when it contains a good proportion of food, such as fresh vegetables and fresh fruit, which has not even been cooked, let alone preserved.

The other question raised is less serious but nevertheless important.

Cans as Rubbish

We refer to the fact that our country, north, south, east, west, is becoming a dust-heap for old tins. We cannot get away from them wherever we go. Lanes, commons, ditches, open spaces of every kind, are littered with old tin cans.

Even those which are collected by local authorities become a public nuisance. These lines are written within half a mile of a dump deliberately made by the local authority which every week collects the rubbish, chiefly tin-cans, of the neighbourhood and deposits it to make a great heap in which vermin make a home and thrive. This nuisance exists in many places. It is obviously not the fault of the canning industry; the reproach is against that untidiness which is one of our serious social faults.

As we now make 80 million cans of food in a year at home the consumption of tins a family must be very great. From abroad we probably receive twice as many, and if that is the case the total consumption of tin cans in the country must be about 240 millions a year! That means 24 cans of food a family. This is very extravagant, for tinned food often costs far more than fresh food.

THE JAPANESE TRAGEDY

All friends of Peace, and all friends of Japan, have been saddened by the course of events in the Eastern Empire.

The Japanese War on China has been followed by disturbances in Japan itself which have now led to the assassination of the venerable Prime Minister, one more tragic reminder of the dire need of some urgent action by the League of Nations to bring back the whole world to its senses.

England's oldest clergyman, the Rev Charles Green, has just died at Eastbourne at 101.

RETREAT CUT OFF

Adventure of 30 Men and
Their Horses

A STURDY ROBINSON CRUSOE

Not long ago thirty men and their horses walked across a river.

It was the frozen St Lawrence. They were lumberjacks whose work took them to a lonely little island 200 miles down the river. To this isle they carried provisions for 24 hours. They lived on these rations for 14 days.

They made camp quite happily on the first night, and woke to a horrible creaking and cracking. There had been a sudden thaw in the night; the firm highway of ice over which they had marched from the mainland was being broken up by the mighty currents of the swift river.

A Terrible Situation

It was a terrible situation, for they were the only people on the island, and even the mainland was deserted in this region. Moreover, even if someone discovered their plight he could not bring a boat through the ice-floes. The river would be impassable for a long time.

They settled down to a life of semi-starvation, making a thin gruel from the oats they had brought for their horses. Meanwhile we can only suppose that the horses lived on twigs and evergreens.

At last someone saw their camp fire, and a party set out to the rescue. It took 13 hours to get them across. One sturdy fellow agreed to stay behind and look after the horses. They left him with a big store of provisions and the horses for company. When the ice has all gone the horses will swim to the mainland, and the Canadian Robinson Crusoe will go home.

THE ONE MAN WHO ESCAPED

Another Survivor of the Mutiny

Another survivor of the Indian Mutiny has passed on.

Mrs Walter Scott, who has just died at Rosenberg in Cromarty was a little child when she went through the Siege of Lucknow.

The terrible massacre of our forces near Kabul is also recalled by her death, for Mary Ann Scott was the last surviving daughter of Dr William Brydon, the only man who escaped.

Her life and that of her father covered a span of 120 years. Dr Brydon joined the East India Company as assistant surgeon in 1835, and four years later was sent with his regiment to the First Afghan War.

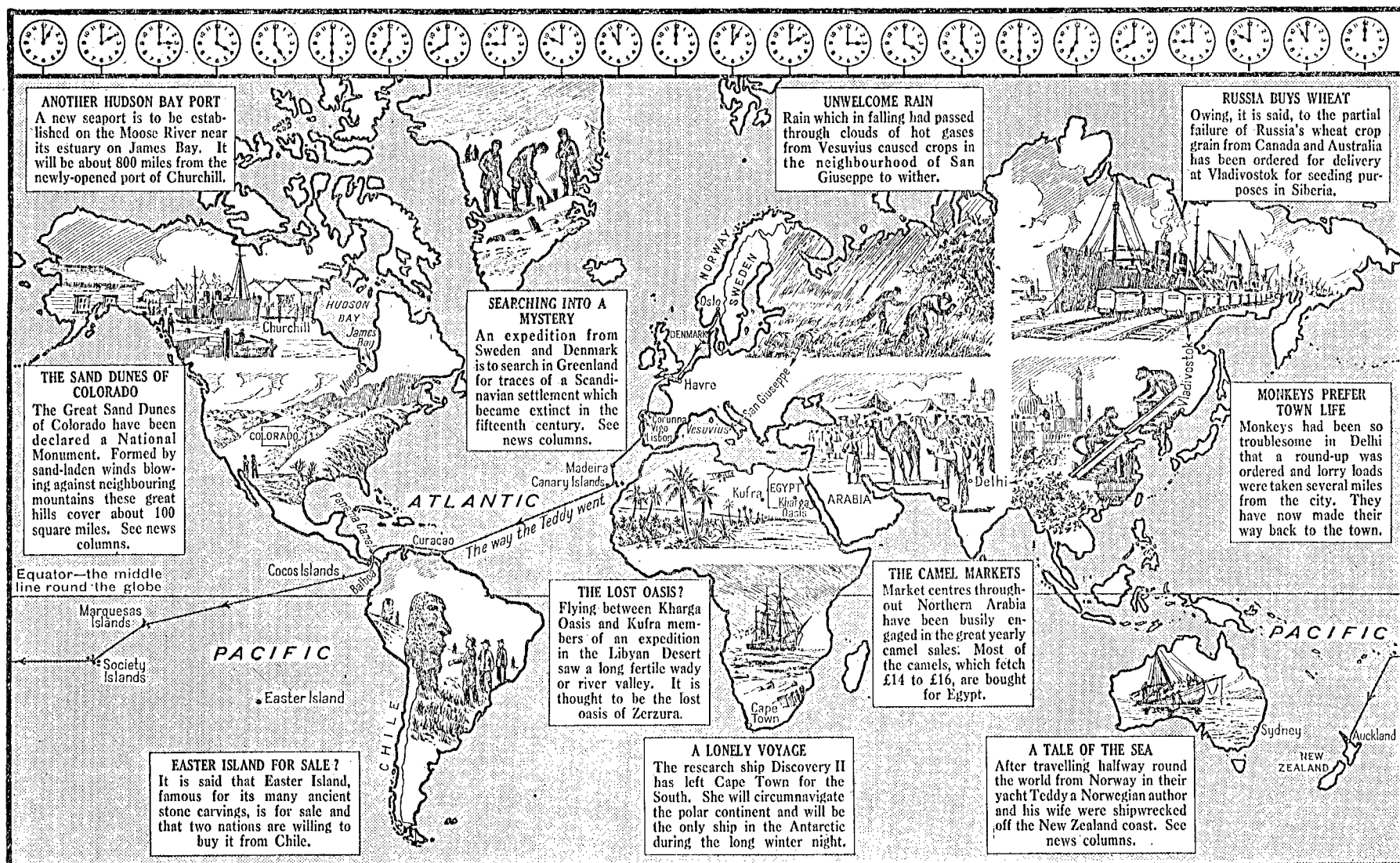
Want of foresight brought disaster, and in 1842 our forces had to leave.

There were still about 4500 men left of the British garrison, and they marched out of camp accompanied by 12,000 followers. It was a severe winter, and the troops lost heart and became demoralised. There was confusion and massacre. Then, in the Jagdalak Pass, the whole force was overwhelmed and slain by the Afghans.

Brydon, with five other officers, escaped on horseback as far as Fattahabad, but here they were attacked and his comrades were slain. Brydon managed to elude pursuit. He was wounded, but managed to push on, and by January 13 the first glimmer of hope came to him. He came upon signs of British troops, and that day he reached Jalalabad, which was held by British and Indian forces under Sir Robert Sale. Many C.N. readers have seen Lady Butler's picture The Remnants of an Army, which commemorates this event.

Once more Dr Brydon was besieged at Lucknow during the Mutiny, and this time he must have suffered intense anxiety, for his wife and young children, including little Mary Ann, were with him.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



COLORADO'S GREAT DUNES

A Little Desert in a Fertile Valley

America abounds in remarkable natural features, many national property.

The latest of these to be preserved as a National Monument are the Great Sand Dunes of Colorado. These remarkable sandhills, some of them hundreds of feet high, cover an area of about a hundred square miles in the San Luis Valley. This valley, which is 7500 feet above sea-level, has large areas of fertile land. It was once the bed of a big lake. In the course of thousands of years winds blowing from the West across the old lake bed have lifted fine grains of sand and carried them to the East. But at the east end of the valley are the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, rising like a wall from 9000 to 14,000 feet high. At one point they act as a trap to the winds, which deposit the sand there.

In this way have the Great Dunes been formed, making a little Sahara at the foot of the hills, with fertile acres close by.

See World Map

101

A Pioneer in New Zealand

An old New Zealand settler has just reached the great age of 101.

Seventy years ago he left Nottingham as a man of 31 bound for Albertland. Unfortunately the site of the settlement was a long way from the nearest town (Auckland) and the settlers had to make a long journey by land and river.

On one occasion the cutter bringing supplies to the settlement was wrecked and the Albertland settlers had to live on shellfish and fish. For a month this old gentleman's family lived on sago, the only kind of provisions available. He has lived to see his home linked with Auckland by railways and roads.

A MECHANICAL HORSE

Famous Firm Returns to the Roads

For several years the famous engineering firm of Napier has confined its energies to the design and production of aircraft engines, and many historical records stand to their credit. Napier engines, for instance, propelled the aeroplane which made the first non-stop flight across the Atlantic; and they made possible the first flight to Australia.

Many years ago Napier motor-cars were considered among the luxury cars. Now it is said that Napier cars are to be seen on the roads of England again.

The most interesting production will be a direct challenge to the horse.

A small new tractor has been designed for use in heavy traffic. It is of ten horse-power, will be cheap to buy and maintain, and will be able to perform more quickly those short journeys in towns for which the horse still holds its own against the motor.

HELEN KELLER

Helen Keller, who has come from America on a visit to our little island, is one of the wisest women in the world.

Although she started life deprived of three of the most precious blessings of mankind (sight, hearing, and speech) she has triumphed over her difficulties.

Only a short time ago, when she was about 50, she learned to speak, and although her diction is not yet very distinct she can make herself understood, and can speak and write in three languages.

In America Miss Keller is a famous author and social reformer. She has many interests in life, uses the typewriter, and enjoys swimming and diving.

We welcome the news that the degree of Doctor of Laws is being conferred on her by Glasgow University. It is good to know that the achievements of this wonderful woman are appreciated in this country.

Picture on page 3

RUSSIA ATTACKS THE WEATHER

Trying to Control the Clouds

The Soviet has gained control of everything on the earth and under the earth, so far as mortal man can do so. Now it intends to extend this control over Russian weather conditions.

An Institute of Artificial Rain has come into being, and its members are trying to create artificial cloud.

The cloud has been acted upon by various rays, including ultra-violet and Röntgen rays, and high-pressure electric currents have passed through it. Much time has been devoted to the search for means of dispersing cloud from such places as aerodromes. The Soviet hopes, quite soon, to make rain to fall upon drought regions, and to divert it from districts which get too much.

A VERY BRAVE MAN

A very brave man has been awarded the Edward Medal for gallantry. It is a posthumous award, for he gave his life in trying to save another.

John Birks was a Manchester man of 24. He worked in a laundry. One day he and a lad of 18 named Harry Perkins were changing their shoes in a messroom when a large tank burst above them, and scalding water came down in a cascade between them and the door.

There was just one chance of escape, and that was by scrambling over the top of a partition, but a man could not reach the top without help.

Quickly Birks realised this. He pulled the younger man on to a table and hoisted him over the partition.

As he could not reach up to it himself he had to fight his way through the scalding water to the door.

Both men died of their injuries. There was just a chance that one might have been saved, and that chance was renounced by as brave and quick-witted a man as ever lived.

EINSTEIN PLAIN AND SIMPLE

The World at the Cross-Roads

This is one of Professor Einstein's latest declarations against war.

As long as the possibility of war is not eliminated Youth will be educated in warlike traditions and a narrow national vanity will be cultivated with glorification of warlike sentiments.

Hence disarmament cannot take place by easy stages, but must come in one swoop or not at all.

The realisation of such a profound change in the life of the people presupposes tremendous moral effort—a deliberate turning away from age-old traditions. He who is not ready to leave the destiny of his country to the decision of an international court of arbitration is not earnestly determined to avoid war. The slogan must be *all or nothing*.

Disarmament and security are attainable only in combination with each other. Security is assured only by the acceptance of the obligation by all nations to abide by international decisions.

Whether we find the road to peace or follow the trail of brutal force remains for us to decide. On the one hand freedom of the individual and general security beckon; on the other is the threat of enslavement of the individual and destruction of our civilisation. Our destiny will be what we deserve.

THE BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS

By Lady Snowden

I wish that I had sitting before me about 500 of those young people whom the newspapers describe as Bright Young Things. I know a good many of them myself, and I believe them to be sound at heart and full of good and gracious gifts.

I would like to persuade them to get to know something of the utter joy and peace and loveliness of serving others who are weaker or not so well off as themselves.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 28

©

©

1932

A Pledge of Honour

WE cannot too often remind ourselves that the greatest war of history was brought to an end in 1918 with the solemn declaration and acceptance of President Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points of Peace.

They were no secret. They were announced by the President in a speech to Congress in January 1918, published and printed in every language, and discussed and understood by all the world. They were the subject of thousands of speeches which had one keynote, and one only, the making of peace on the strength and in the letter and spirit of the Fourteen Points.

Let us set out Number Four of the Fourteen Points. It ran as follows :

Adequate guarantees given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety.

Note the decisive, clear, straightforward, and unmistakable character of these words : "Guarantees given and taken."

Yes ; the guarantees were given and taken, and the enemy laid down his arms. The enemy arms so laid down were destroyed. The German rifles, artillery, aeroplanes, ships, submarines, ammunition, were burned or otherwise disposed of. The German fortifications were razed and Germany was forbidden to put up fresh ones. That was disarmament carried out as President Wilson imagined it would be carried out. But alas for the rest !

For the rest, instead of disarmament there was re-armament, strengthened armament. Europe after 1918 came to bristle with arms. Not content with more arms, better arms were made, new forts were erected, more deadly weapons introduced, more submarines and more aircraft built, more powerful chemicals devised.

In brief, the Fourteen Points have been flouted and Point Four in particular has been treated as a scrap of paper. To read in 1932 of "guarantees given and taken" is to realise what we have pointed out more than once—that a solemn word has been broken and a great historic pledge violated.

Why does not some great statesman arise and point out these things in plain terms to the peoples ? These are days when, through the rush of events, great facts are easily overlooked. The truth is buried and lost because it is out of sight. The very existence of great subjects remains unknown to the multitude. Those who know the truth, however, should lose no opportunity to declare it.

Point Four of the Peace must be carried out. It is a continual dishonour not to do it.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Queen and the Dean

TO those who still believe that the world does not change there is a little amusement to be derived from Queen Victoria's letters, some of which have lately been published.

One of them begs Mr Gladstone, who had just appointed Canon Wilberforce to be Dean of the Abbey, to remember that the canon was a total abstainer and to beg him to say very little about it ; for, said Her Majesty, "total abstinence is an impossibility, and though it may be necessary in individual cases it will not do to insist on it as a general practice."

What would Her Majesty have said could she have come some years later and seen King George and all his Court among the total abstainers. It may be doubted whether any opinion ever expressed has become so absurdly out of date in so short a time. Clearly the world does move.

Small Affairs in a Big Country

WHEN we read statements about a country we should always bear in mind its population. For lack of a sense of proportion we may often come to entertain exaggerated views of comparatively small things.

In this country there are roundly 45,000,000 people. If we imagine each of them putting down a mere sixpence for a particular object we get a sum of £1,100,000. Again and again we are asked to be startled because the nation is spending a million pounds. Such an expenditure means less than sixpence a head of the population for a year, less than a halfpenny a month. This is not said to encourage wasteful expenditure, but to encourage the proper relation of the forces of the nation to the things it undertakes.

Thus, in relation to working power, if we imagine every person in the nation increasing output by only five per cent we get an enormous aggregate increase in the national wealth.

How They Do It in Yorkshire

SOMEONE in Yorkshire the other weekend called in at a farm for tea.

Sitting before a table loaded with a real Yorkshire tea the visitor decided that there were no half measures in that hospitable county.

She thought so again when a knock came at the door, and a Boy Scout asked if he and his friends might camp in one of the fields, and added : *And could you please let us have five loaves ?*

The farmer's wife explained that she had only one loaf left out of the morning's baking, but, on seeing the boy's disappointment, she added :

"All right ; I'll bake you some more. Come back in three hours and there will be five nice loaves for you."

Could a busy housewife do more ? Our love to her

Making Thieves

WE have little love for the well-known saying that Honesty is the best policy, for it is the lowest possible recommendation of what should be instinctive in every mind.

We are reminded of it, however, when we read of three men, all under sixty, who have just been sent to prison as pickpockets. It is stated that the three have between them spent *over seventy years in prison*.

It does not need this case to teach us that dishonesty is not a profitable trade, but we may learn from it that society should endeavour to do something better with boys than allow them to become criminals. Our present neglect of unemployment is making thieves every day.

Tip-Cat

A FARMER says he has a farm which is all grass. Like many another farmer, he must be in a hole.

THE spotted veil is coming back, a fashion writer tells us. Somebody has spotted it.

THE seamstress who makes the fashionable dress is anonymous to the

purchaser, declares a dressmaker. But the purchaser often calls her names.

SOME people always feel well. What ?

A NEW flower is to be called Physcolicysiosis. We shall all be asking for it.

IS there something amusing about ginger hair ? asks a writer. Anyhow, you can't laugh it off.

MANY people live beyond their income. Then have they money behind them ?

A BOY weighing twenty stones is a fine athlete. Likes to throw his weight about.

EVERY man has his own way of expressing himself. In these days of speed he needs it.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

HAVE Y.M.C.A. is to receive £5000 from the Bernhard Baron Trustees.

A NOTTINGHAM man has kept his Golden Wedding 26 years after breaking his neck in an accident.

A TRAVELLING dispensary has been given by Lady Dalziel to the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals.

JUST AN IDEA

It is right to be afraid sometimes, but what we should be most afraid of is Fear.

The Lonely Widow

Madame Doumer lost four sons, who died for France in the war. Now she has lost their father, cruelly slain by a madman.

WHAT may we say ? Our very speech

A cloak of muteness dons ;
Hardly we dare send pity forth
To one who gave four sons.

FOR to that inner sanctuary
We find a close-barred gate ;
Hardly into such suffering
Our minds may penetrate.

NOW after passing years has come
Afresh that olden pain ;
She who gave four of those she
loved

Is asked to give again.

WE have no words ; we leave
her there,
Treading that lonely track,
Trusting that somehow, even now,
Some gleam may pierce the black.

Marjorie Wilson

Mr O

By Our Town Girl

IN a little street in London there is a single shop, low and small, standing at a corner.

When not busy serving customers the owner of it stands at the door, his arms beneath his apron, and takes the air. Therefore he might be described as a get-at-able person. If anyone wants a sweep, a shoemaker, a stamp, a steeplejack, a tinsmith, a film producer, Mr O can tell you the quickest and most successful way of finding one. He also, with his information, gives away a smile, much as a grocer presents a spoon to a customer with a pound of tea.

His shop is of the kind that is usually found in a village. Its contents are assorted : soap and vests ; macaroni and tintacks ; newspapers and dripping ; lace and ink ; gum and tinned salmon.

It is a wonder the goods don't quarrel. Perhaps at night, when his genial company is removed, they do. Mr O can tell you the names of each Cabinet, and discuss labour problems like a Prime Minister. He knows the latest score, who the Bishop of anywhere is, and his church views. He reads the newspaper not worth mentioning, Shakespeare (greedily), and his Bible.

A Prayer For London's River

You shall here pray for London, mother of merchants, and for her storied tideway ; for troubled pools, her conduit to the oceans ; for chains of lakes, inward from either bank, stirred by the traffic to and from the stream ; for every vessel, least as well as greatest, finding fair haven here, and for small craft occupied amid the sudden dangers of these lower reaches.

A prayer for the Port of London
by Rev T. B. Clayton

The Little Clock

There's a neat little clock ;
On its high shelf it stands,
And it points to the time
With its two little hands.

May we, like the clock,
Keep a face ever bright,
With hands ever ready
To do what is right.

May 28, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

7

ACROSS THE WORLD
IN A LITTLE YACHTMR TAMBS AND TEDDY
The Sad Thing That Happened
in a Strong Tide

TRAGEDY OF A BOOK

By a New Zealand Correspondent

After voyaging half-way round the world, from Norway to New Zealand, the 40-foot yacht *Teddy* was wrecked in daylight on the New Zealand coast during March.

Of all strange voyages perhaps the voyage of the *Teddy* was the strangest. Her crew consisted of two, Mr Erling Tambs and his wife. Mr Tambs is a Norwegian author who loves the sea as the Norsemen of 1000 years ago loved it, so he set sail from Norway in August, 1928, and reached New Zealand, 13,000 miles away, in January, 1931. For the next year Mr Tambs cruised about in the South Pacific.

A Total Wreck

Unfortunately for the *Teddy* and her small crew she sailed too close to a rocky island 20 miles from Auckland when setting out on another voyage in March. A strong tide carried her on to the rocks, the waves pounded her hull, and she became a total wreck. Mr Tambs, with his wife and their two little children, were rescued by another boat. But they lost everything—the boat which was their home, their clothes, and the book Mr Tambs was writing about his travels.

So that was the end of the *Teddy*, which had served as a pilot cutter for 38 years on the rocky coast of Norway, and had then sailed unharmed about 20,000 miles altogether to all the ports of the South Seas.

Of course there are many kind people in Auckland, and when they heard of the wreck of the *Teddy* they offered Mr Tambs all the help he needed. He is now staying in Auckland until he has written his book again.

Spare Provisions

On the C.N. picture map on page 5 you will be able to follow the voyage of Mr and Mrs Tambs. The *Teddy* was no ordinary boat, for she was built at Larvik by Colin Archer, who also built the *Fram* in which Dr Nansen voyaged in the Arctic seas.

Setting out from Oslo, the capital of Norway, at the end of August, 1928, the *Teddy* reached Le Havre in France 16 days later. The next port of call was Corunna, after crossing the stormy Bay of Biscay. At the near-by port of Vigo the *Teddy* shipped a puppy, which was named Spare Provisions. He accompanied them for the rest of the voyage.

After seven weeks at Lisbon the *Teddy* sailed to Madeira and the Canary Islands, and after a stay of four months set out across the Atlantic for Curaçao.

The Panama Canal was reached, and in April, 1930, the *Teddy* set out from Balboa across the Pacific Ocean, with stops at the Cocos Islands, 500 miles from the Canal; at the Marquesas Islands, another 3500 miles farther on; and at the Society Islands, and on to Auckland on January 6, 1931.

The Ocean Race

After a few weeks in New Zealand Mr Tambs was at sea again, for the *Teddy* was taking part in an ocean race across the 1000 miles of sea that separate New Zealand from Australia. Although 40 years old the *Teddy* won the race and Mr Tambs received a silver cup. His crew on this occasion comprised Auckland yachtsmen. Back from Sydney came the *Teddy*, and Mr Tambs sailed off to the Pacific Islands for several months. Again he returned to Auckland, and in March of this year the *Teddy* started on her last voyage.

Mr Tambs may find another good boat in New Zealand and perhaps he will continue his voyage round the world. We wish him success.

MECCA FEELS THE PINCH

THE trade depression has made itself felt in every part of the world.

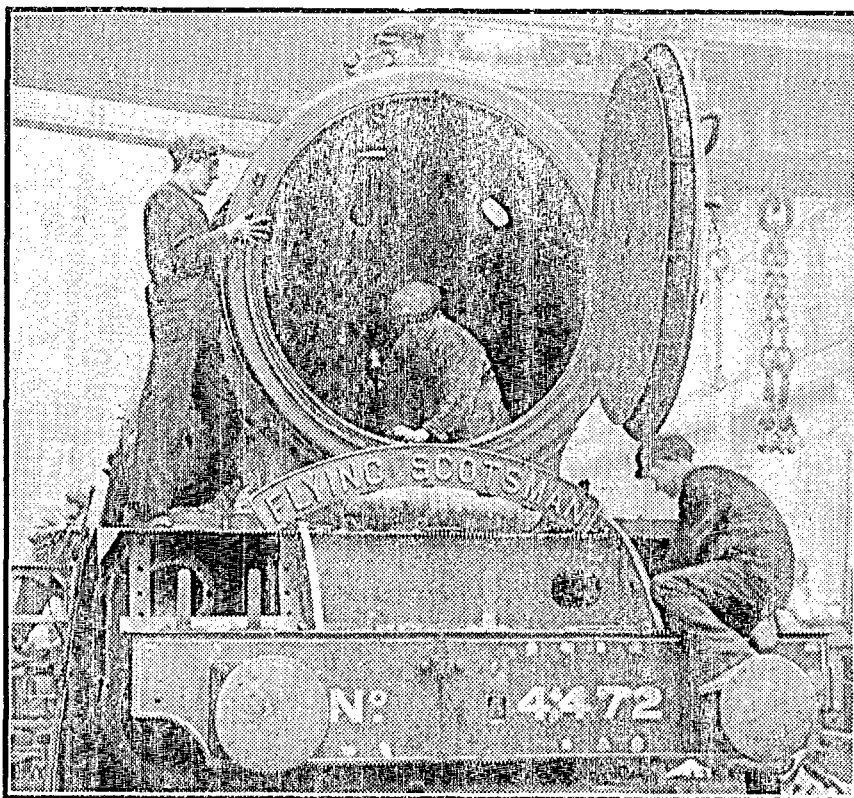
We have come to recognise its blighting touch everywhere, but it does come as a surprise to learn that the Moslem Holy Places, especially the city of Mecca, are approaching a state of bankruptcy because of it.

Every Moslem must go once in his life to Mecca or Medina. He does not mind when he goes, so long as a year comes when all things seem propitious and he has money enough for the jour-

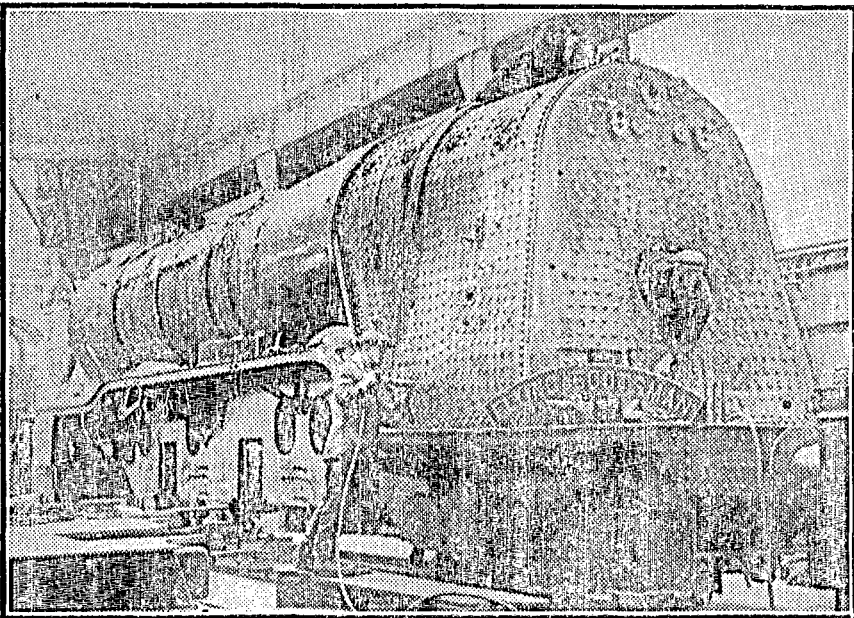
ney. But he is having to put it off from year to year; he is growing old, and he has not fulfilled the law. What an anxiety it is becoming!

Anxiety is urgent in the Hejaz. This country has no natural resources whatever, no minerals, and a soil too barren for farming. There is no secret about the popular saying that the pilgrims are the only crop! The average pilgrim, especially from Malaya and Africa, simply cannot now find the money, and the Holy Places of Islam are in despair.

OVERHAULING THE FLYING SCOTSMAN



Dismantling the Flying Scotsman



At work on the boiler

One of the Flying Scotsman engines, which now make the journey between King's Cross and Edinburgh in 7 hours 50 minutes, has lately been overhauled in the L.N.E.R. works at Doncaster. It was completely dismantled in the process, as we see here.

A GREAT LISTENING-IN

SOME of us who live in London have not seen (or heard) the ceremony of locking the Tower of London, which takes place each evening, yet someone living in California has done so.

Writing from California at two in the afternoon, a wireless listener says he has just been hearing, over in England, the tramp of the guard, every word of command, the call of God Save King George, and the bugles of the Coldstreamers at that ancient ceremony, as clearly as though it were quite near.

He also says that on Christmas Eve he was through to Bethlehem, via Palestine, Alexandria, and the Continent,

to London, and heard the midnight booming of Big Ben.

Then, on New Year's Eve, what he describes as a "hook-up" took place, starting at New York, and taking in nearly all the larger cities, to the California coast—San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Spokane, and Vancouver—with a talk by the mayor at an assembly in each city. Then on to Honolulu to the world-famed Kaikiki beach, where the sound of the incoming surf could be heard as though but a mile or two away.

What, he adds, would our grandfathers have said to this?

SPOILERS OF THE SKY

HOW SHALL WE DEAL
WITH THEM?Queer Problems Raised by the
Sky-Writers and Sky-Shouters

A LITTLE PEACE AND QUIET

Now that the little peace we have is threatened with sky-writing and sky-shouting our legislators are beginning to ask what rights of protest town and country have.

The town already suffers from the turmoil and the noise of many inventions which cease only for a few hours in the dark middle of the night. The lights of London, or of Manchester or Birmingham, never go out. A message thrown on cloudy skies would scarcely be an intrusion there.

In the country a searchlight advertisement on the lowering sky at night would seem an insult. A voice shouting an advertisement through a monstrous loud-speaker from an aeroplane on high would seem an outrage not to be borne.

Law and the Loud-Speaker

But how are these new burdens that may be laid on us to be prevented? By what right?

The lawyers ask Who owns the sky? By ancient law a man had a property right to the sky above his land. One great jurist has said that the air above is only his as far as he can erect buildings on it. But that will not do. He has a right to the air above as far as he can possess it.

This will not in our present civilisation enable him to prevent an aeroplane passing over it, though a country's Government might prohibit the passage. It might enable him to prohibit a plane from hovering above it, but planes do not yet hover, and he would find it hard to prove that any plane was actually over his land when it was giving out the roar of a loud-speaker.

Consequently the law has to deal with the invasion of the skies by planes with loud-speakers, or by the sky-writing either of planes or of ground projectors, not as a trespass but as a nuisance.

The nuisance is another matter, which the law would have to decide not in response to the complaint of a private individual, but in accord with the public feeling of the community.

There we are not in the skies but on firm ground.

Vulgar Advertisement

Public feeling, the C.N. most sincerely believes, will wish to keep the air inviolate from vulgar and blatant advertisement. An advocate of this view has quoted Shakespeare's lines:

This most excellent canopy the air, this brave overhanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire.

Who would not object to its being turned into a gigantic hoarding for the purpose of commercial gain?

If the advertisers put forward the plea that we have not yet seen their sky-lighted advertisements we reply that we do not want to see them. There is no need to see some things before we object to them. The so-called sky signs of Piccadilly and elsewhere are quite enough and more than enough for us.

As for sky-shouting, the mere suggestion makes our anger rise; and if anyone asks by what right we object to sky-writing and sky-shouting we reply that one of the most sacred rights of human beings on this Earth is that of a measure of peace and solitude.

AN AFRICAN STAMP

A deep blue South African stamp, value 4d, has just been sold in London for £36.

Its great interest centres in the fact that it was an emergency stamp, issued 77 years ago because a valuable ship failed to arrive at Cape Town.

THE MOSQUITO AND YOUR WARDROBE

Some Little Things to Remember

It is useful to know that mosquitoes have nice quiet tastes.

They prefer to bite men who wear black socks. It is as if they thought "I am sure I shall like this fellow. We like the same sober hues. No doubt he will agree with me, but I am sure that other man over there in the yellow pullover would give me indigestion."

A man of science has just been assuring the public that this is so. A tent lined with navy blue proved a lodestar to Palestine mosquitoes, and no one could sleep in it. The men of the U.S. Army had to be given light shirts to replace their regulation navy blue ones.

An experiment spread over 17 days showed that mosquitoes kept in a gauze tent where there were a number of coloured boxes would not alight on the yellow one. Only two settled on the white one, while 108 plumped for navy blue, 90 for dark red, and 81 for brown.

It is as well to remember these things when planning your summer wardrobe.

A WAY THEY HAVE IN MAJORCA

From a note sent to us by a reader in Majorca we gather that another prison will soon close its doors, for it appears that crime is languishing in the beauty of this little Isle of Spring. This is the story our friend tells.

The governor of a prison for a wide district in this island invited a friend of mine to dine with him and the prisoners.

On entering the dining-hall the visitor was surprised to find it empty.

"Where are all the prisoners?" he asked his host.

"There is only one, and he is lost," was the answer.

The prison had been searched, but there was no sign of its only occupant. Later they found him. He was sitting in the cinema enjoying a film.

HARD TIME FOR JOURNALISTS

The failure of so many journals and newspapers in the last few years has created a large amount of unemployment among journalists.

There are said to be some hundreds without employment; the Institute of Journalists states that about a hundred of its members are seeking work. This fact ought to be known to the many young people who think, or are persuaded, that journalism affords good openings at the present time; we fear that that impression is the very reverse of the truth.

We mention this because we see that advertisements are still published offering to teach people to become journalists and promising them that, if they will pay certain fees, they will soon learn to make magnificent incomes.

THE HEDGEHOG TRAIN

Have you seen the hedgehog train? Its real name is the template machine. You may see it crawling along, generally near to a tunnel, for its work lies in the smoky tunnels of our railroads.

You will know it readily, for it is a stout iron vehicle with spikes radiating all over it. Each of these spikes is connected by electricity to the interior mechanism, and as the hedgehog runs slowly through the tunnel every obstacle is met by one or other of them and its exact place noted, so that the gangs may go and remove it. Protruding plates on the lower frame find obstructions on the track also, so that following trains are certain of the necessary clearance above and below.

The new President of France, M. Albert Lebrun, was once an engineer and scientist. He is also an expert ploughman.

DEAR DEER

7500 in This Country

There are few more beautiful sights in the English countryside than a herd of deer grazing under the trees.

In our British parks there are more than 7500 deer, and it is sad to learn, on the authority of Mr Tyrwhitt-Drake, that many private owners are finding it very difficult to maintain their herds owing to high taxation.

The oldest herd in the country is believed to be that owned by Mrs Smyth at Long Ashton in Somerset. It is known to have existed in 1392. The biggest herd is owned by the King. There are 819 in the herd in Windsor Great Park; and on the royal estate at Sandringham is another with 150 animals.

There are 46 herds registered with the Deer Herd Book Society.

Londoners are familiar with the beautiful creatures in Richmond Park; and in Epping Forest many fallow deer and a few roe deer run wild.

TURKEY MARCHING ON

A new Bill is before the Turkish Parliament full of good things for the workers of that country.

For some time past the Turkish Government has been considering a wholesale reform of its legislation dealing with the life and work of the people and the present Bill is the result. It applies to the main branches of industry and includes provisions for adequate factory inspection, special regulations as to cleanliness and the requirements of health and safety, and compulsory insurance against accidents. It limits hours of work to eight in the day or 48 in the week, prohibits the employment of women or children in unhealthy occupations, forbids the entry of children under 12 to industrial concerns, and ensures improvement in many other ways.

We look forward to the next step, when children will stay at school until they are at least 14.

A SHIP FOR SCOUTS

It is fitting that Sea Scouts should have a ship for their meeting-place, but few have such good fortune.

Most of them have to put up with the same sort of room which serves the purposes of Trade Unions, the Ancient Orders of Buffaloes, Mothers, or any other meeting of mere landlubbers.

But the American Sea Scout Troop at Boston have to put up with no such makeshift. For their meeting-place they have been offered the schooner used by the Marine Biology Department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Not only do these Scouts now meet in the schooner's large hold once a week, there to learn rope and canvas work and other subjects peculiar to the sea, but it has been suggested that when Professor William Clapp next goes collecting deep-sea specimens the Sea Scouts may be allowed to man the ship.

WHITE LINE FOR TRAMS?

The suggestion has been made that many accidents in the streets would be avoided if before every tram stop there were marked on the roadway a white line past which it would be illegal for other traffic to go while a tramcar was stationary.

This would undoubtedly save many accidents to passengers alighting from or boarding the trams. But surely, with the changed traffic conditions of the past few years, trams, with their fixed tracks taking up so much of the road, have become out of date. Many towns in the provinces have already replaced their lumbering old trams with smoothly-running trolley-buses, which, although using the old overhead wires, can draw into the kerb.

TO ALL YOUNG POETS

The Poet Laureate's Offer

Our Poet Laureate does not mean to rest on his laurels and simply write an occasional Ode to justify his title.

He and Mrs Masefield are determined to help young poets and to encourage the speaking of verse, and on October 5 they propose to hold a festival for the reciting of poetical stories.

They are offering the generous prizes of £25 and £15 for the two best narrative poems by British-born authors under 40, and they hope it may be possible for the work of young British poets to be performed at the festival.

Original tales in English verse not less than 4000 words long should be sent to Mr Masefield in typescript between August 20 and September 1, with the author's guarantee that the work is original and that it has never been published or performed. The poems must be tales told of deeds done, and not just plays.

THE GAME THAT IS OLDER THAN CHRISTIANITY

This year an international chess tournament took place in London, the world champion, Dr Alekhine, winning the prize once more.

We were reading of this again lately, and happened to take up a book on the same day in which the subject of chess was mentioned. It was a book of Chinese poems translated into English. The game of chess was spoken of by a Chinese who was writing poems in the first century before Christianity. He says: *The cups are pushed aside and we face each other at chess; The rival pawns are marshalled rank against rank.*

It is strange to think that before the New Testament days, in the year 100 B.C., men were playing chess together as eagerly as they played in London in the year 1932 A.D.

WHO WILL HELP THE SHIPS?

Shipowners are getting no help whatever from the measures taken to assist British trade. On the contrary, they are hurt by those measures in the consequent reduction of carrying trade.

The case of our ships is a very serious one, yet how easily we forget it. Ships, and the proper use of ships, made our island, our empire, and our prosperity. Now, through the severe reduction of international trade, a large proportion of them are laid up in port useless, and of the remainder many are working with small profit.

Shipping, in fact, bears a concentration of depression, and with it, of course, shipbuilding suffers. It is very serious that our finest trades should thus suffer.

Such considerations make it our most urgent duty to restore international confidence and communication.

THE POST CONTINUES TO GROW

Even in bad trade the receipts of the Post Office continue to hold their own.

The average amount received daily in British post offices was almost as large last year as in 1930, and much larger than in 1924.

In 1924 the daily receipt was £115,000; last year it was £133,000. In the first three months of this year it was a little less, but was still as high as £127,000.

THE CROW AND THE CAR

A man named Hille was driving his car the other day near Bodenfelde in Germany when a crow flew into his wind-screen.

The bird and the fragments of the glass were so suddenly dashed into the face of the driver that he lost control of the car, which fell into a ravine.

HOW TO KEEP THE BANDITS AWAY

A Shop Window Idea

Sir Herbert Samuel, the Home Secretary, was speaking in the House of Commons the other day about crime, a subject which rarely finds its way into the C.N.

Referring to the alarming increase of smash-and-grab raids he said that shopkeepers who display valuable goods in their windows have a duty to take some measures for their own protection. We quite agree.

A steel grille over the window is the usual method adopted by jewellers, but if this is not suitable in some shops there is another simple plan which might be tried. Mirrors could be arranged in the windows on the principle of the periscope, the passer-by seeing only the reflection of the valuable articles, which could be placed below the level of the window or inside the shop itself, well out of reach from the street.

Not only would the bandits ignore such a window, but public attention would be attracted more than by an ordinary display.

THE USEFUL BRICK

The Census of Production of 1930 shows a great increase in the brick trade as compared with 1924.

We have splendid supplies of clay suitable for brickmaking, and there has been a great revival in the making of first-class hand-made bricks, in addition to considerable increases in the manufacture of ordinary bricks.

Between 1924 and 1930 the quantity of bricks manufactured rose from 3897 millions to 4413 millions! Prices fell, however, so that while the 1924 output sold for £11,100,000, the much larger quantity made in 1930 sold for £10,875,000.

At the same time there was a great increase in the manufacture of roofing tiles, which rose from 375,000 to 579,000 tons.

One English firm is said to produce in a year a thousand million bricks.

CHAILEY ONCE MORE

We have received from the Heritage Craft Schools, Chailey, a programme of Happenings printed for the first time by the Cripple Boys themselves on their own press at the sign of the Windmill and Pointed Tree.

It seems that princesses and bishops are coming to greet this delightful Institution, the Public School of Crippledom as it is called by Mrs Kimmins, its energetic head and perhaps the most determined and successful Beggar in the charitable world.

The Great and Powerful of this world salute and honour Chailey, and we are glad of it. The writer's recollection of a visit there brings up the remembrance of the figure of a crippled boy, flat on his back on a sunny balcony, blissfully absorbed in making a piece of jewellery with the delicate tools on his quilt. His infirmity was obviously forgotten.

MY DEAR CHAP

In India a man who sells anything, from a hawk to a tradesman, is described as a wallah.

There is the fruit wallah, the brass wallah, the tonga wallah (a small carriage driver), and the silk wallah. It is rather as we speak of the mullin man, the milkman, and the laundryman.

Many years ago a merchant was called a chap, and that is how we have got our surname Chapman. Chap comes from the Saxon word ceapian, to buy, and still survives in such names as Cheap-side or Eastcheap; and names like Chippenham come from the same source.

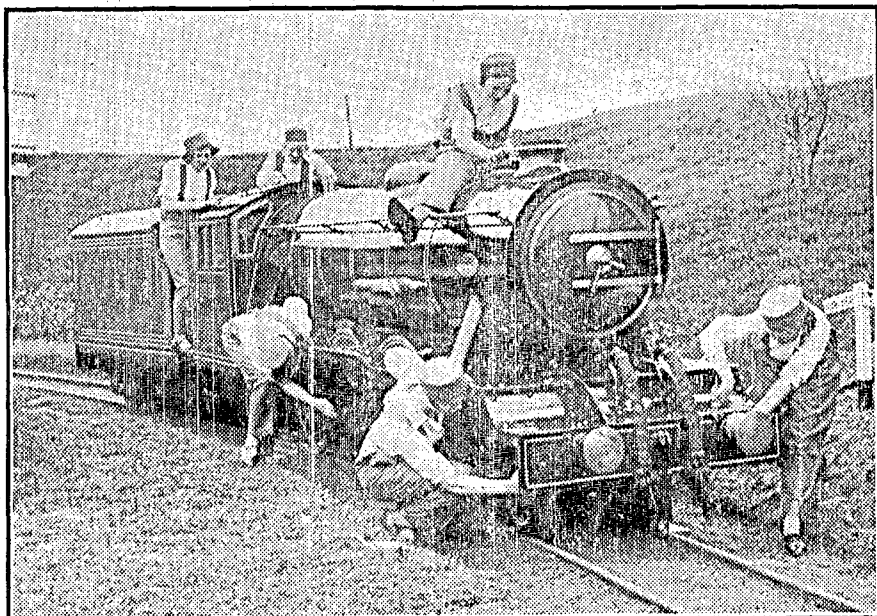
How often does a man imagine when he calls another "my dear chap" that he is calling him a merchant, and a beloved merchant at that!

May 28, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

9

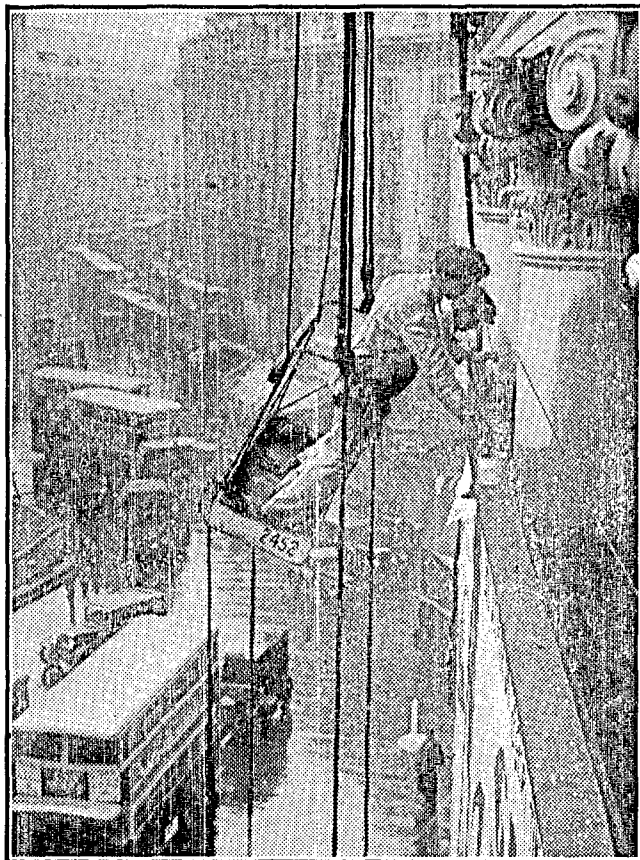
THE RAILWAY GIRLS · A SOUTH KENSINGTON ZOO · POLO ON SKATES



The Amateurs—Scarborough has a miniature railway, of which it is very proud, that runs round the lake in Peasholm Park. In this picture one of the little engines is being cleaned by a number of local schoolgirls dressed as mechanics.



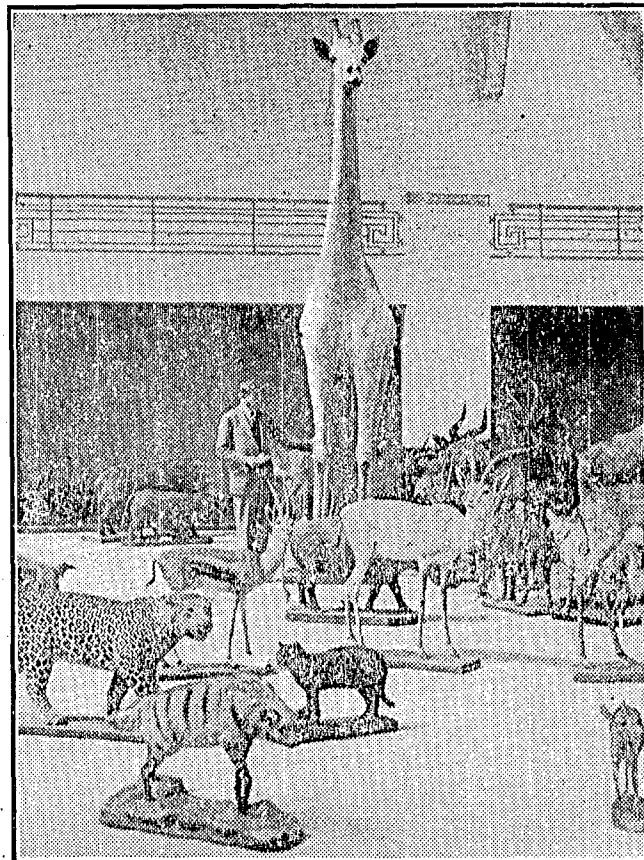
Polo on Skates—A new game that is very popular among schoolboys in south-west London is a form of polo played on roller-skates. There are obvious reasons why the game should not be played in the street as here, but it is an excellent pastime for the playground.



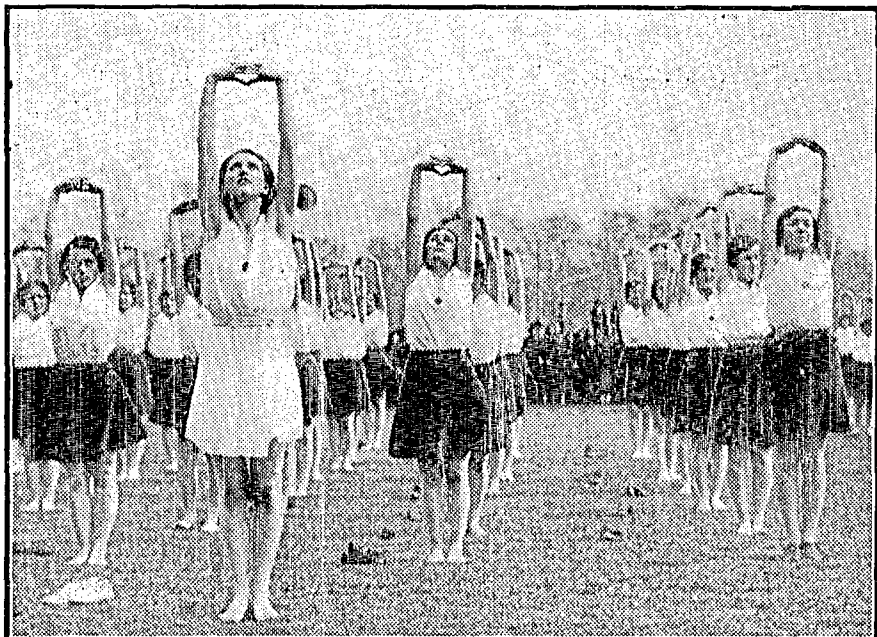
Workers in Cradles—High above the traffic at Piccadilly Circus these men are painting the front of a building. The travelling cradles, as they are called, have almost displaced ladders for such work.



The Bridesmaid—The dress of this charming little bridesmaid at a London wedding is a reminder of the pretty fashions of other days.



South Kensington Zoo—In the new Whale Hall of the Natural History Museum there is being brought together by Captain Dollman, who is seen here, a fine collection of animals of the Empire.



Hyde Park and Russia—There is a curious similarity in these two pictures. One was taken in Hyde Park during a demonstration by the Women's League of Health and Beauty; the other picture comes from Russia and shows a physical training class of peasant women and girls.

A GREAT PAINTER'S HOUSE

The Homes Where Dreams Come True

WHERE GREAT ARTISTS HAVE LIVED

A place where a famous artist worked must always have interest, and we cannot help feeling sorry that the home of Sir Luke Fildes is to be sold by public auction.

He belonged to a group of painters who set their profession on a high social footing, who kept their ideals, and also became rich and lived in gorgeous houses—perhaps for the good reason that they worked hard.

Some of the most charming dwellings in London were inhabited by painters, and perhaps built for them. One of the loveliest Elizabethan houses in England, Kelmscott Manor, near Oxford, was the home of another tremendous worker, William Morris.

One of the Sights of London

Sir Edward Burne-Jones lived for 30 years in The Grange, North End Road, Fulham, then a lovely country house in its own grounds. Here Samuel Richardson had lived and here he wrote *Clarissa* about 100 years before Sir Edward began to work here.

Leighton House in Holland Park Road, where Lord Leighton lived and worked for 30 years, became after his death one of the sights of London. It was difficult to think we could be in an English capital when we were wandering through the Twilight Corridor to the Arab Hall, with its lovely Moorish fountain. Many artists helped to decorate this place of a great artist's dreams.

Sir Luke Fildes chose a spot at the corner of Melbury Road and Ilchester Place in Kensington. There in 1876 he called in Norman Shaw to build a painter's house.

New Scotland Yard

Shaw was a strong, gifted architect of the 19th-century classical school. Amid the crowded work of a lifetime he will always be remembered most for New Scotland Yard, which he designed in 1891 in what was then considered a terribly daring manner, and shook the Victorian peace of London.

Shaw built for Luke Fildes a house where the most important room, the studio, was not allowed to spoil the rest of a charming building.

There are few finer gardens in London than that which throws up its greenery round the house Fildes worked in, where he painted his picture of *The Doctor*.

SOLD AFTER 900 YEARS

The Manor House of Welwyn

After 900 years the Manor House of Welwyn, Hertfordshire, is for sale.

Edward the Confessor, that friend of the Church, gave the Manor House and 15 acres of land to the rectors of Welwyn for ever. For many hundreds of years the rectors lived there, and of course the old house was rebuilt many times; but in 1760 Edward Young, the author of *Night Thoughts*, who was rector of Welwyn, built a new manor house.

It is rather shocking that a poet should have made the change, for poets are supposed to be champions of the romantic past. The Manor House goes farther back than Edward the Confessor. Roman remains have been found in the grounds. Yet the poet of "melancholy and moonlight" deserted the historic rectory for modern comfort.

The Manor House still belonged to the rectors of Welwyn and was let by them. But it has been decided that the upkeep is not worth the rent.

It is one of the very few private dwellings that have not changed owners once in 900 years.

ONE OF THE MOST ASTONISHING STORIES IN THE PAGES OF HISTORY

THE official history of Gallipoli has been completed, and it tells a tale as sad and wonderful as any ever penned.

When the curtain was falling on the last act of that bitter, unavailing effort, and the evacuation of the positions at Anzac and Suvla was in progress, a soldier, pointing to a cemetery where the fallen had been laid to rest, said to the General commanding: "I hope they won't hear us marching to the beach."

His thought was that they would grieve the most to know that their sacrifice had been in vain.

We may doubt, but we may not say that it was. Certainly the retreat the soldier deplored was the one astounding success that lit the Gallipoli campaign with a sunset glow of splendour.

The Impossible Achieved

It was carried out with a mastery and an efficiency that made it one of the most astounding episodes of the Great War. It achieved the impossible. Its very impossibility closed the eyes of the enemy to a point of inactivity which made it possible.

When it was done and their eyes were opened to the accomplished fact they still could hardly believe it. "As long as wars last," wrote a German military critic, "the evacuation of Suvla and Anzac will stand before the eyes of all strategists as a hitherto unattained masterpiece."

The mere statement of what had to be done will convey to the least understanding of military matters among us how well this praise was deserved. An army of 134,000 men with 400 guns and 14,000 animals had to be withdrawn and embarked under the eyes and almost under the noses of a watchful enemy.

Some of the Turkish trenches were less than a roadway's distance from the British. The open beaches on which the troops had to embark were within reach of the enemy's guns. It was the season of winter gales. Even a moderate sea would bring the embarkation to a standstill. Despite all these handicaps the thing was done.

Deceiving the Turks

The most at first hoped for was that there would be a gradual retirement followed up by the Turks. Even for this the enemy must be hoodwinked as to the time and extent of the withdrawal. But as the steps at hoodwinking proceeded hopes as to the extent of the success that might be achieved rose higher and higher.

First of these steps was that of deceiving the Turks into believing that the front line trenches were held as before. Secondly, the daily shelling must go on as in the usual routine. Thirdly, the beaches and the areas behind the front lines must be maintained in their usual appearance of activity. Lastly, there must be no undue assembling of transports off the shore.

According to Plan

All was carried out according to plan. The Turks were led to find nothing strange in occasional and even long intervals of cessation from firing. Sudden bursts of activity were followed by complete silence for prolonged intervals. Then there would be another sudden burst as a false warning to the Turks that silence in a trench did not mean that no soldiers were there.

This went on for days. At night the beaches hummed with activity. In the mornings before daylight they were silent and empty again and no ships were near. Though the camps were emptying the fires were always blazing, and troops like those of a stage army were always moving from one to another.

Up to the very last the men were visiting the cemeteries, putting up crosses, or tidying up the graves of their dead comrades. It was on the very last morning that the soldier, pointing to

them, made the remark to General Birdwood that has already been quoted.

On the day before parties of men were sent to show themselves at conspicuous corners; mules and carts were driven to and fro, round and round. The fires were kept blazing. Even after dark the empty carts were sent backward and forward between the beaches and the lines, their harness jingling like that of the nightly ration convoys.

To deaden the sound of marching in the trenches which were close to the enemy's line the hard floors had been broken up with picks, and the men's boots were covered with sacks or sackcloth. Even the piers were sackclothed. In the trenches many ingenious devices were constructed, so that after the last man had gone rifle fire should still go on.

A Stage Army Invented

Thus, while the army was on the point of withdrawal, a stage army tramped round and round and stage devices prolonged the illusion of warlike activity. The stage invents its armies to pretend it is a battlefield; here, for once in the history of the world, the battlefield invented a stage army to pretend that it was real.

At last the zero hour of withdrawal arrived. The soldiers marched in darkness along lines marked out in streaks of salt or flour or guided by shaded candles in biscuit-boxes at certain points. The transports came in closer. The boats were at the beaches. Everything went like clockwork.

Then, at half-past three in the morning, the calm of the night was shattered by the roar of a mine exploded on the hill of Russell's Top. The Turks replied by a storm of rifle fire all along their lines.

But no attack, such as the enemy expected, followed the thunder of the exploding mine, nothing but silence. The explosion was, in fact, the signal that Anzac was emptied. Its troops and guns, mules, donkeys, and horses were safely on the transports, which were now bearing out to sea.

The Last Night at Suvla

At Suvla the last night's programme was carried out with the same precision as at Anzac and with the same bewildering success. Long after the front line had been emptied the Turks continued firing at empty trenches. The final act was the firing of the supply depot, soaked in petrol. The last picket boat steamed out to sea in the light of its conflagration.

We have spoken of the calm of the night. It was this calm, miraculously preserved as by the act of Providence, that made success possible. It continued through the embarkations; it merged next morning into a thick mist.

When next morning it rose the Turkish bombardment fell on empty trenches. It was unanswered. There was nothing but silence. The invading army (men, guns, and transport animals) had vanished as if they had never been, except that by the beaches the smouldering dumps told of their escape.

It was a retreat more wonderful than victory.

THE TEETOTAL BISHOP

I enter my 50th year as a teetotaler.

I have never said a single uncharitable word against those who drink a glass of beer or of wine; but I thank God I am a teetotaler. It has added enormously to my health.

I find at 74 that some of those old people of 60 are tired after a round of golf. I can do two rounds on my day out. What I value still more is the clearness of brain that results. I preached two sermons at Weymouth yesterday, travelled back today, and dealt with a hundred letters, and now I am ready to enjoy my evening.

It is no virtue in me at all. I cannot bear the stuff. The Bishop of London

A BELLCHAMBERS BOOK

Nature's Old Friend

NOTES FROM HUMBUG SCRUB

A Nature Lover's Notebook. By T. P. Bellchambers (The Nature Lover's League, Adelaide, Australia, 2s 6d).

This fascinating book reminds us that we have by no means heard the last of our old and highly-valued friend Mr T. P. Bellchambers.

Three years have passed since he finished his wonderful lifework and was laid to rest in the Nature Reserve he had made at Humbug Scrub, among the flora and fauna he had preserved for the future people of Australia.

A Host of Good Effects

But his soul goes marching on. The initiative he gave to the Australians in protecting their fast-vanishing wild life is still having a host of good effects. In this book Mr H. Basedow has made a further selection of Mr Bellchambers's contributions to magazines, and the delightful descriptions of Nature we find here will do yet more good for the cause he had so much at heart.

Almost every Australian school child knows his first booklet, *Nature: Our Mother*, and this new notebook is also likely to become a classic. It tells us of journeys to remote places in search of species now almost extinct but abundant at the time of the coming of the white man.

In five years Mr Bellchambers travelled about 5000 miles in what he called God's untarnished country. Many a night he slept under the wide and starry sky in a "bushman's feather bed" of dry gum-tree leaves piled up by the wind.

Better Than Picture Shows

We could quote many good things from this book if we had space. "Nature can give us something better than picture shows, and her cathedrals have no need of stained-glass windows" is one of our old friend's observations. Although his dream of making the Fauna Reserve came true after many baffling disappointments he makes the sad statement: "I cannot stem the outgoing tide, but possibly I can save some of its flotsam, which can be handed on to the better care of future generations."

The Reserve is now being carried on by the Bellchambers family as a memorial to their father; but we are distressed to hear that one of his sons was seriously ill when this book was despatched to us from the Reserve.

GOING TO SCHOOL IN AFRICA

Half a Million Scholars

An interesting correspondent of The Times tells us that in the five East African territories—the Sudan, Zanzibar, Tanganyika, Kenya, and Uganda—which contain 16 million natives, there are nearly half a million African children attending school.

The approximate figures are Sudan 40,000, Zanzibar 1600, Tanganyika 91,000, Kenya 84,000, Uganda 230,000. Many attend mission schools.

This is excellent in many ways, but it is pointed out that it is not altogether well to train native children merely to become servants of the white men living in Africa. The greater part of the educational effort seems to be devoted to teaching the children the three R's and instructing them to become clerks, mechanics, masons, tailors, joiners, teachers, and so on.

This surely is to repeat the mistake of our own British education, which too often has the effect of making children leave farming to become town-dwellers and clerks.

What is wanted in the education of the native children of Africa is to show them how to be good farmers.

AN ANCIENT CONSTELLATION

VIRGO IN THE SOUTH

What She Has Represented
Through the Ages

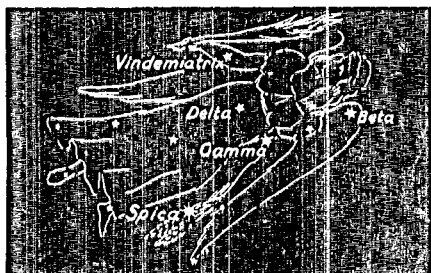
GIANT DOUBLE SUNS.

By the C.N. Astronomer

The celestial Virgin, whose wide array of glittering stars lights up the southern sky as soon as the twilight darkens into night, comes as a fitting herald of summer evenings.

This constellation of Virgo was one of the first to be created by man's imagination many thousands of years ago and has ever since typified human joy, prosperity, and fruitfulness, first by adorning the sky all through the summer evenings, and, when the Sun passes through the constellation in August and September, symbolising the harvest.

Virgo now lies across the southern heavens, her stars covering a very wide



The chief stars of Virgo, with an outline of the symbolical figure

area of the sky, as can be seen from the star-map.

From ancient times she has been represented with wings, and as a symbol of all that is good and beautiful. In her left hand she carries ears of corn, represented by the brilliant star Spica, while on her right arm she bears a sprig of palm, or some such emblem of plant life, represented by the star Vindemiatrix; a wreath also encircles her brow.

In ancient times this Virgin of the skies was regarded as the goddess Ceres, or others as Astraea and Erigone. The ancient Egyptians saw in this wide stretch of stars their beloved Isis, who also had in her hand some ears of corn.

In Babylonia these stars represented the goddess Istar, the Syrian Astarte, and Queen of the Stars; while still earlier in Chaldea, over 10,000 years ago man saw in these stars the Virgin symbolising the fruitfulness of the Earth. To the ancient Peruvians these stars represented the Earth Mother who provided the maize. Thus throughout the ancient world, including even the Hindus and Chinese, these stars were venerated as the beneficent Maiden.

In later Christian times they were associated with the Blessed Virgin Mary, as Queen of Heaven, the ears of corn being replaced by the Holy Child, a very beautiful change of symbol; and as the star Spica represents the ears of corn we see how in medieval times it would have represented the Child Jesus.

A Brilliant Star

The brilliant Spica (which may be easily identified nearly due south, and almost midway between the horizon and overhead about ten o'clock) is a glorious sun attended by a lesser one, which revolves round it in a little more than four days. These radiate about 1500 times more light than our Sun, but from a distance 14,795,000 times as far away. Their centres are only about 11 million miles apart, on an average, and as the larger sun is nearly six million miles in diameter and the other about 500,000 we see how close their surfaces must be.

Gamma in Virgo is also composed of two suns, which may be easily seen at the present time through a small telescope; but they gradually come together in the course of a lifetime and then in the course of another they separate. The last time they closed up was in

L. N. P. Morecambe Has a Brilliant Idea

100 NEW MEMBERS AT A RALLY

Morecambe has given a lead which will be followed, we hope, by many other branches. By holding a Rally the members of the local branch have secured a hundred new members for the L.N.P.

First they set to work to let all the boys and girls in the town know about the meeting. The help of day school and Sunday School teachers was enlisted in making it known, and Boy Scouts and Girl Guides were invited to come.

The Rally was a great success, and at the end an address was given on the work of the League and how the Pioneers could help. All those present who were not already members were invited to come forward and give in their names, and the enthusiastic response was very cheering.

But this was not the end of the story. Somebody had gained the interest of the editor of the local paper. Not only did he publish an account of the meeting but he issued an appeal to other boys and girls in the town who had not been at the Rally to come forward and join the movement.

Here is such a good idea for stirring up interest in the L.N.P. that if news does not come our way this summer of many more rallies held up and down the country we shall be much surprised.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed: **L.N.P., 15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.**

No L.N.P. letters to be sent to the C.N. office.

Each application should enclose sixpence for card and badge, with your full name, age, birthday, and school.



The L.N.P. Badge

WHO WAS THOMAS AQUINAS?

Born Calabria, Italy, 1226.
Died Terracina, Italy, 1274.

Descended from the Counts of Aquino, Aquinas was born at his father's castle, Rocca-Secca, in which, upon his determining to enter the Dominican order against the parental wishes, he was imprisoned for two years.

Escaping, he made his way to Albert Magnus, under whom he studied, until, long called "the dumb ox," he verified the saying of his master that "the voice of the ox shall one day fill the world." As a teacher he at once won fame. Having little Greek, and less Hebrew, he yet commanded the attention of the civilised world with his writings and with expositions of the Scriptures.

Called now "the Angel of the Schools" and "the Eagle of Divines," he refused all Church preferments, remaining to the end simply the great theological scholar. At his death posthumous honours were heaped upon him.

His Summa Theologiae remains today substantially the standard authority of the Roman Catholic Church.

Continued from the previous column

1836. This peculiarity is caused by the two suns revolving in an orbit, seen almost edgewise from our Earth, taking about 180 years to revolve. They are much smaller suns than those of Spica and nearer to us, being about 3,050,000 times farther away than our Sun.

These suns of Gamma are almost exactly the same size as and not very dissimilar to our Sun, except that each radiates nearly eight times as much light. Vindemiatrix (meaning Grape-Gatherer) is a much larger sun, about 6,030,000 times farther away than our Sun and radiating about 55 times as much light.

G. F. M.

THE C.N. AND ITS COMPANION A Generous Offer

Would you care to have My Magazine delivered to your house for six months free of all cost?

Such an offer sounds too good to be true, but that is what the Editor wishes to do for a certain number of C.N. readers. As the C.N. stands alone among weekly publications so My Magazine holds a place all its own among monthlies.

Quite obviously this remarkable offer is not made for nothing, although what is required in return should entail quite a small effort on the part of the reader. Among your friends there must be many who do not know the C.N., and to know it is to love it. It is the only newspaper that can go into every home.

Ask Your Friends

Will you please introduce the C.N. to likely new readers? If you can persuade six of your friends to take the C.N. for a period of eight weeks the publishers will arrange for My Magazine to be sent to you free of all cost for the next six months.

On page 15 will be found two forms. Ask your friends to buy this week's paper and fill in the lower form and hand it to a newsagent. Then write out a list of the names and addresses of your six friends, side by side with the name and address of the newsagent from whom each has ordered his copy. Fill in the upper form, attach it to your list, and send them to

C.N. Special Offer,

Fleetway House, London, E.C.4.

Schools are eligible for this scheme. It should be quite easy to find six new C.N. readers in any class, and the copies of My Magazine could be given for use in school. Many schools already use the C.N. and My Magazine for special lessons.

Now please turn to page 15 for the forms.

DEAD SEA FRUIT A Twentieth-Century Crop

At last the Dead Sea lives again. It has been made part of the life and industry of the modern world.

From its bitter and imprisoned waters the mineral salts are being drawn. The lorries containing them are every day carrying them from the Dead Sea to Jerusalem. There they join the railway, and from there are carried by sea to Europe, and more especially to England.

For thousands of years the Dead Sea and its valley have been an abomination of desolation. Under the stimulus of modern British enterprise its potash helps to make other desert places blossom like the rose.

That is not the end but the beginning of what is being done there. Other mineral salts besides potash are in the dark recesses of the dark waters which have been gathering them for millions of years before the first man set foot in Palestine. The men of this century can make use of them for medicines and for a dozen industries, from making soap to dyeing or electro-plating.

Palestine moves slowly. It has taken a long time to start the industry, and many words have flowed and much negotiation has been necessary before it could be made profitable.

The Dead Sea, fifty miles long, ten broad, at some places 1300 feet deep, is far more useful than a gold mine. But like a gold mine it attracted many prospectors and much competition for the right to work it.

Competition is not yet at an end, and that may cheapen the wealth of the Dead Sea for the world at large. But the skill and industry needed to mine its wealth from its waters have made a beginning, and nothing but profit can come out of it for civilisation.



Always Happy and Healthy

HEALTHY and happy children are so prodigal in spending energy and vitality. Only the energy-creating elements obtained from nourishment can make good the loss. Nourishment is also essential for healthy growth—both physical and mental.

During the years of childhood more nourishment is necessary than ordinary food contains. Children need "Ovaltine" daily, for this delicious food beverage supplies concentrated nourishment in an easily digested form.

There is only one "Ovaltine." No other food can ensure the same results, for no other food supplies, in correct proportion, the essential nutritive elements of Nature's best foods—malt extract, fresh liquid milk and new-laid eggs.

Combinations of food substances containing a high percentage of added sugar to give them bulk and to cheapen the cost are not comparable to "Ovaltine."

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.



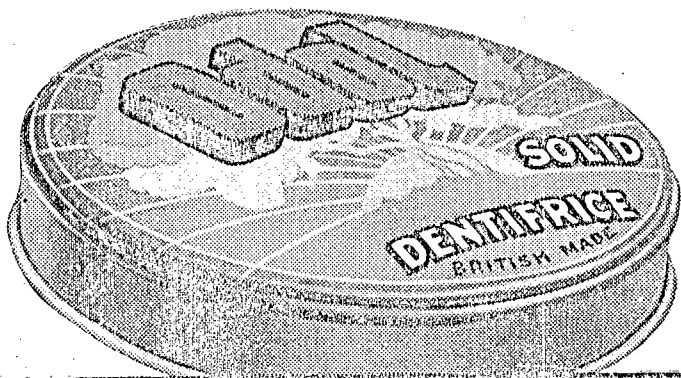
**"Look how white Odol
has made them."**

"Now you'll be proud to show your teeth—see how white and sparkling Odol has made them. That's the way to keep your mouth clean and healthy—use Odol Solid Dentifrice twice a day, and it will gently remove all stains and discoloration."

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A TRAVELLER FROM JAPAN

What He Saw There

From a Correspondent

So he is home! We rushed round to see him, this English boy who had returned from Japan. What was the feeling of the people out there? Were they talking of the recent trouble in China? Were they very excitable and warlike?

"I stayed far up in the country," was Robert's disappointing answer. "Saw and heard nothing of militarism."

"Then tell us a little about Japan," we urged. "What surprised you?"

"Many things," he said. "Their gaiety and charm fascinated me. There was held what they call a night festival when I was there, and I saw an insect-seller with a booth. This fellow was selling grasshoppers, and what they call pine insects and grass larks, and all sorts of tiny creatures, which formed a sort of orchestral concert! He was selling quite a lot of them."

"They talk a good deal about earthquakes, and there was very often a tiny tremor of the earth. They are not afraid. But many people think of building reinforced concrete houses."

"I saw many small electric-motors at work, draining land."

"They are fond of proverbs. By the way, I heard one of the sayings of the Samurai which stuck in my brain: Life is as light as a feather, but Rectitude is as weighty as a mountain. Pretty good, I thought."

"What do they eat? A tremendous amount of fish, more than twice as much as the Americans get through."

THE NEWS THAT IS NOT REPORTED

A Man and a Starling

Somebody who read a C.N. paragraph about news that is not reported has been prompted to send us this story.

Our correspondent was standing on Chatham pier one day when she saw a man walking along one of the many boats moored below. He carried something in his hand which was squawking with fear.

Afraid that he was going to drown some poor defenceless creature, the watcher was relieved when she saw a starling carefully placed on the cabin roof.

A bystander who had been there earlier told how the bird had fallen into the river and the man had taken a boat and rescued it.

After placing the starling on the cabin roof, to dry itself in the sun, the rescuer returned to the shore, thinking the bird would fly home; but it was too wet to use its wings, and hopped about on the roof, in danger of falling into the water.

Back came the man to the rescue. Picking up the bird he rowed it to the shore. Once more he put it in the sun, on the roof of one of the sheds on the quay, where its mother could reach it.

NEWS FROM A VILLAGE

Mrs Jones as Sultan

From a Neighbour

As weeks go on and the world grows older the Women's Institutes in our villages yield ever more delightful interest to their members.

Would you imagine it to be possible that, walking any day in a modest Surrey village, one might meet a sultan?

It is so. Did not our Mrs Jones, stout, practical, and comfortable, leave her washtub, willingly assume the fantastic robes, and play her part as an Eastern potentate in a play presented by the keen dramatic committee of the Institute? And did it not do Mrs Jones enormous good to come out of her groove? And did it not refresh us all to behold the merry British eyes twinkling under the golden turban?

MAGIC WARES AT WHIMSEY MARKET

Wendys and Michaels Please Note

Whimsey Market is the latest attraction at the Children's Bookshop and Library in the quaint little house in Ennismore Gardens Mews in Kensington.

Many a Wendy and Michael pop in every day from Kensington Gardens to walk in this little painted street and buy the gaily-coloured wares at the booths belonging to Mr Jug the Potter, Mrs Kettle the Ironmonger, Mr Drum the Toy-maker, and Mrs Plaiice the Fishmonger.

Magic fruit is on sale at the fruit stall beneath the big, foreign-looking, striped umbrella, for every pear and every banana squeaks and every walnut contains a present. The monkey and Brazil nuts are not what they seem to be nor are the refreshing-looking lemons. Some of the most fascinating of all the wares in this children's market are crates of baby ducks so lifelike that it is difficult to believe they are toys.

For Boys and Girls Overseas

On the little kiosk covered with magazines and papers we were pleased to see the C.N. and My Magazine, the C.N. Monthly, hanging on it in a prominent place.

In opening this delightful bookshop and library, which contains most of the world's best children's books and magazines printed in English, Lady Verney was not thinking of supplying only the needs of the children of our little island. She has travelled to almost every part of the globe, and has taken her own children twice round the world. It was during these travels that she discovered the great need of boys and girls living in the remote outposts of the Empire for books and magazines.

Cut Off From Civilisation

In India, Africa, Australia, lonely parts of America such as the Yukon, and on remote Pacific islands she has met children who are cut off from civilisation and never see new books. For a small subscription they can now borrow anything they like in the way of stories, Nature or travel books, and children's histories of different lands, the favourites of the present time. A boy of eight has lately sent for a history of Mexico, the ninth history book he has read since he joined the library.

Many kindergarten books are also on sale as well as fascinating materials for making toys. The expert advice in the choice of books is one of the best things to be had in this bookshop, for the Librarian pigeon-holes each boy and girl in her mind, and knows by instinct the right book to choose for every Wendy and Michael from two to seventeen.

ANY OLD ELEPHANTS?

Has anybody a stuffed crocodile or a wooden model of a house or ship that he is willing to part with?

The Secretary of the National Institute for the Blind would be grateful for any contributions of this kind, for models are of great importance in the education of blind people.

It never occurs to most of us that the familiar sights of London are not more than names to many blind people. They can imagine what they are like only by handling models of them.

Stuffed animals are also much needed. Will C.N. travellers coming home please bear this in mind? As for birds, anything from a wren to a raven would be welcomed.

But there is a size limit. The National Institute, whose offices are at 224, Great Portland Street, W., has no stabling accommodation, and, as models and stuffed specimens would be sent round, their size must be considered; so that it would be better to write beforehand before putting a stuffed elephant in the post.

One favourite model is a scale copy of the Shamrock V made by a blind sailor.

THE SILVER BUTTON

Serial Story by
John Halden

CHAPTER 15 The Inventor

For a moment Timothy knelt transfixed, looking into the lighted room which the unsuspected rolling back of the iron shutter had disclosed to him.

The room had apparently no door, and no windows but the one through which he was looking. It was luxuriously furnished, the walls hung with velvet, a fire burning at one end, and deeply-cushioned easy chairs standing about. On a silk spread couch, facing him, sat an elderly man with his face in his hands, looking the picture of dejection.

Another man, wearing a black robe and muffling hood, sat with his back to Timothy, talking. Timothy at once guessed him to be the terrible president of the society, who called himself Number One. On seeing him, the boy at once withdrew farther into the darkness of the tunnel, but kept where he could see and hear everything in the room below.

"I tell you, you are playing a losing game," the president was saying angrily. "Consider your position here. You must confess I have made you very comfortable. Suppose I change my mind. I have other cellars which, I can assure you, are far less comfortable than this. There are no silken cushions, no warming fire for old bones. Shall I tell you what is in those other cellars? Dampness running down the walls, rats, and hanging on the walls horrible things."

The elderly man looked up and laughed in the other's face. "Do you think I care for your threats?" he said.

"Good for you, sir," remarked Timothy to himself.

"Very well," said Number One grimly. "We will not speak of these things. But there is one thing all men fear to face. Do you realise that you are wholly in my power? That the food you eat, the water you drink, the very air you breathe is subject to my orders? Suppose I were to cut them off? No air comes through the door. Suppose I were to have this life-giving window closed for good."

Number One glanced back over his shoulder at the window through which Timothy was watching, and the boy was thankful for the foresight that had made him keep back among the shadows.

"It would not take long," said the president casually. "There is no other way for air to enter this apartment. Imagine yourself lying on the floor, gasping for air, slowly, slowly—"

"This melodrama does not impress me," said the elderly man. "If you will tell me where my boy is, and give me a certainty that he is safe, then you and I can talk sensibly. Until then I have nothing to say to you."

"It is not for you to lay down the conditions, but for me," returned the other. "Once more, will you give me those plans?"

"You know very well I have not got them," said the elderly man.

"Don't quibble," returned the president impatiently. "Of course, we know you have not the plans with you. I want you to draw the diagrams and write out the instructions from memory."

"I must tell you again, in all sincerity, that I could not do that," said the elderly man. "My memory is not what it was. If I liked, of course, I could trick you into believing I could do this. But I should be unable to remember all the details."

Number One leaned forward, and scrutinised the face before him.

"I was afraid you could not," he muttered, apparently satisfied that the other's words were sincere. "Then you must tell me where the plans are hidden."

"Tell me where my son is," said the other doggedly.

"I will do nothing of the sort."

"Then I cannot tell you where the plans are." He spoke with obvious finality.

Number One leaped to his feet with sudden passion, and for a moment Timothy thought he was about to strike the helpless figure before him. The man, however, looked up at him calmly.

"I am not defying you," he said. "What I tell you is quite true. I do at this moment not know where the plans for my flying machine are."

Number One, choking with rage, had gone from the room hastily, and Timothy heard a heavy bolt being drawn as soon as the door closed behind him. He waited a moment to make sure, then he moved closer to the aperture. "Are you Mr Norton, sir?" he called softly.

The elderly man started, and looked up at the boy's face which had so incredibly appeared in the upper wall of his prison.

"Yes," he said. "I'm Timothy Crane," said the boy. "Your son is here. We are trying to rescue you, and very glad indeed to know at last where they have hidden you."

The man's face had grown radiant at the news of his son's nearness, but as Timothy finished his sentence his face fell again.

"I don't know who you are," he said, "and it is very courageous of you to attempt my rescue. But tell my son—"

Timothy did not hear the rest. At that moment a low warning whistle came from the other end of the tunnel. Timothy turned his head to listen. Again the warning whistle.

"I'll have to go at once, sir," said Timothy hastily. "That's the warning signal Jim and I agreed on. There is something wrong. I'll tell Jim where you are, though, and we'll get to you somehow, never fear."

"No! No!" cried the elderly man anxiously, coming up to the window and straining to look through it.

Timothy, however, had not heard his protests. He was crawling as fast as the cramped quarters would allow him down the dark tunnel. He had not the slightest suspicion that Jim's father, being in his right mind, would object to being rescued. But this, judging by the expression of baffled fear on the face of the man he had left, was what Jim's father did object to.

CHAPTER 16 Trapped!

At the end of the tunnel Timothy found the door in the brick wall still propped open, and saw his friend watching intently over the top of the area.

"What's up?" he whispered. "I say Jim, I've found—"

Jim dropped suddenly back into the area. "Go back!" he whispered.

Timothy obeyed without another word, and Jim followed him through the little brick-covered door. He pulled it carefully toward him until it was nearly closed, and held it so.

"What was it?" whispered Timothy. "Your friend Number Five," Jim answered briefly. "Come to pay an early morning call."

"What does it mean, I wonder?"

"I don't know," returned Jim, "but I should think it means something like this: Friend Five went home and found you had escaped. He has spent the night thinking it over, maybe, trying to find you. Anyway, now he realises you have given him the slip he thinks to save his own skin by denouncing Number Eight, the luckier one, to the president."

"Perhaps," agreed Timothy a bit doubtfully. "I don't know how he could find out all this in the time."

"These men have spies and counter-spies," said Jim, "and Number Five, knowing the risks he was taking, had special reason to be sharp."

"I don't imagine Number One will be taken in," said Timothy. "If it comes to denouncing I can see Number Eight doing his bit, and the result ought to be the end of both of them."

"Hope so," said Jim.

"Meanwhile we are free, and in a fair way to free your father, Jim," said Timothy, eager to tell his news. "I found him at the end of the tunnel."

"Not really!" gasped his friend. "What have they done to him?"

"Beyond bullying the life out of him they don't seem to have hurt him much, I'm glad to say," returned Timothy. "He's in a comfortable room. I heard Number One talking to him. He was trying to make him work out a new copy of the plans."

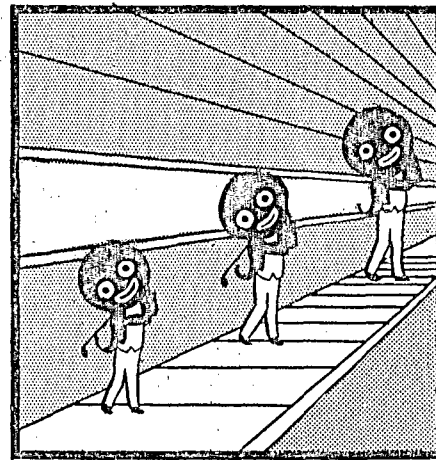
"Father couldn't do that," said Jim. "His memory is too poor."

"So he said. Number One was furious."

"Furious or not, it's perfectly true. There's only one copy of those plans in existence, and it would take Father months of new experiments to work out another machine. That's where I have been of use to him, keeping track of the experiments he is so prone to forget."

Continued on the next page

EYE-OSITIES NO. 2



WHICH GOLLY IS BIGGEST?

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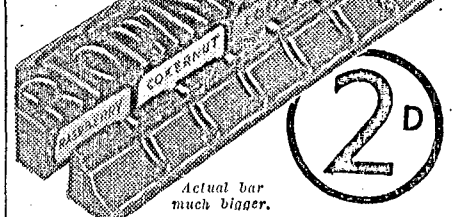
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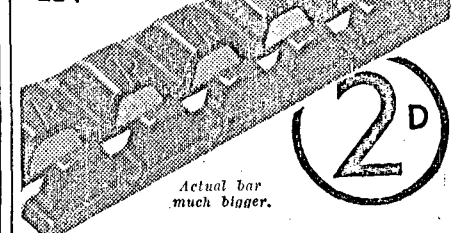
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CREAMS
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4-CENTRE TABLET

OR

SIX DIFFERENT
HARD CENTRES
IN



ROWNTREE'S
6-FLAVOUR BAR

PC226-17

"Your father also said that he didn't know where the plans are at this moment."

Jim started. "Father said that?"

"Why, isn't it true?"

"Naturally it is true if he said so," returned Jim coldly. "But tell me exactly what Father said."

"Well, the president asked him to tell him where the plans were," said Timothy, trying to remember the exact words of the conversation, "and your father said: Tell me first where my son is; and when the president said he would do nothing of the sort, your father replied: Then I cannot tell you where the plans are."

To Timothy's surprise Jim chuckled in the darkness beside him.

"It's perfectly true," he said.

Timothy stared in his direction, but Jim offered no explanation.

"Come along," he said. "Let's go and find my sportsman of a father. At the end of this passage, I think you said he was?"

"Yes," returned Timothy. "We'll get him out as soon as the coast is clear. Better secure this door, meanwhile, though. It might click shut on some secret spring and that would be awkward."

"We want it to look closed," agreed Jim, "in case someone comes searching the area. I'll put my necktie in the crack. That ought to hold it nearly closed, but keep the spring from snapping."

Jim opened the door cautiously for a final peep into the area, but brought it hastily to as he caught a glimpse of the steps leading to the main door.

"Number Eight and Number Five both ringing, and glaring at each other like anything," he announced in a whisper. "I only hope they didn't notice the movement of this door."

Jim had already started some distance down the tunnel. Timothy hurried to catch him, for he wished to be there to see the triumphant meeting between father and son. The darkness was intense. In front of him he heard the brushing movements of his friend as he felt his way along the rough brick walls.

"I say, Tim," whispered Jim, "where did you say this aperture was?"

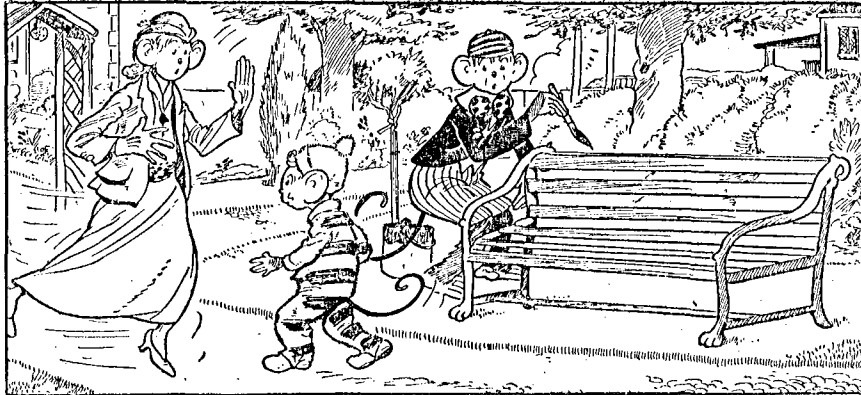
"Just at the end of the tunnel," replied Timothy. "We ought to have reached it by now."

Continued in the last column

JACKO PAINTS THE GARDEN SEAT

FATHER JACKO said the bright spring sun made the blistered paint on the garden seat an eyesore to him.

And the very next Saturday he called at the oil and colour shop in the High Street and presently came out with a lovely tin of bright green paint and a beautiful bushy brush.



When she caught sight of Baby she gave a scream

Jacko's eyes shone when he caught sight of them. "I'll give you a hand, Dad!" he cried.

"You'll feel the weight of mine, my lad," said his father grimly, "if you don't keep out of the way!"

But, as luck would have it, no sooner had Father attired himself in his oldest suit and got pleasantly started on the job than a neighbour called in his car to take him to a cricket match.

Father Jacko couldn't resist the temptation. The seat, he said, could wait. And off he went into the house to change his clothes.

"My wife is expecting you and the baby in to tea," said the neighbour, as Mother Jacko came out to greet him.

"Is she now? That's very kind of her," beamed Mother Jacko, delighted with the invitation. And, snatching up the baby, into the house she went to change her clothes.

Baby Jacko was ready first—and was sent out into the garden to wait for his mother. He certainly looked very

nice in his little white woollen suit.

"What you doing?" he cried, catching sight of Jacko.

"Helping Dad to paint the seat," replied Jacko, cheerfully slapping on another brushful.

"Nice paint!" gurgled Baby, sitting himself down on it.

"Hm!" agreed his brother, and went on painting, while Baby sat watching, an interested spectator.

"Come along, darling!" called a voice from the house, and out came his mother.

But when she caught sight of Baby she gave a scream.

"Just look at his suit!" she cried. "It's one mass of paint!"

He had to wait a few moments for the reply. He felt Timothy's thick-soled country boots just in front of him.

"Why don't you go on, Jim?" he asked. The whispered answer made his heart stop a beat. "I can't. I'm at the end of the passage already."

"Let me get by," Timothy whispered, squeezing past his friend. "This is the aperture, or at least the covering of it. It slid back while I was here and let me see into the room. It's got to be opened again, because your father is behind it."

Together the two boys felt all round the sheet of iron, pressing on it, trying to slide it, pushing it with the palms of their hands, knocking on it as strongly as they dared. Jim advised against the last, which Timothy was attempting in desperation.

"I wouldn't make any noise," he said.

Timothy agreed reluctantly.

"For some reason or other that shutter has been closed since I was here," he said. "Do you think the president had any way of overhearing my words with your father?"

"Shouldn't think so," returned Jim. "The shutter was probably opened to give Father his supply of air. When that was done it was closed—automatically, I imagine. Certainly they would never leave it open all the time. You see the aperture is not barred."

Timothy had been thinking hard.

"If it was opened automatically to give your father his supply of air," he said, "it must be opened again in the same way as soon as the supply has been exhausted. That means we can return here later and find it open. Could you work out how long it would take for him to need more?"

"If you can tell me the size of the room I might work out how many cubic feet of air it would contain, and from that how long it would take one man to use it up," agreed Jim. "Meanwhile, we have no reason to stay here."

Both boys were feeling immensely let down from their hopes. Timothy led the way without more words toward the entrance to the tunnel. There another shock awaited them. The necktie had been removed from the doorway in the brickwork, and, try as they would, they could not open the door. They were trapped!

TO BE CONTINUED

Baked Jam Roll.

Baked Jam Roll—crisp,—delicious,—most nourishing,—is no more trouble to make than a milk pudding, if you use 'Atora,' the ready-shredded Suet.

Recipe for BAKED JAM ROLL.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Flour. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Shredded 'ATORA.'
Teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.

Mix the baking powder and salt with the flour, then rub in the 'Atora.' (In cold weather the Suet should be slightly warmed before using, but *not* melted). Add enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin, and spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll over (sealing up ends by turning them in), damp edges and pinch together. Bake for about $\frac{3}{4}$ hour in a greased tin. Serve hot. *Sufficient for 6 persons.*

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy post free from HUGON & CO., Ltd., Manchester.

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Special Offer to Readers

On page 11 particulars are given of an offer to C.N. readers who obtain new subscribers for the paper. Read the details carefully and then make use of these forms.

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I hereby declare that I have obtained the six new readers on the attached list, each of whom has handed to the newsagent named the order form published in the C.N.

Please send to me, free of all cost, My Magazine for six months.

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Please deliver the C.N. for the next seven weeks to

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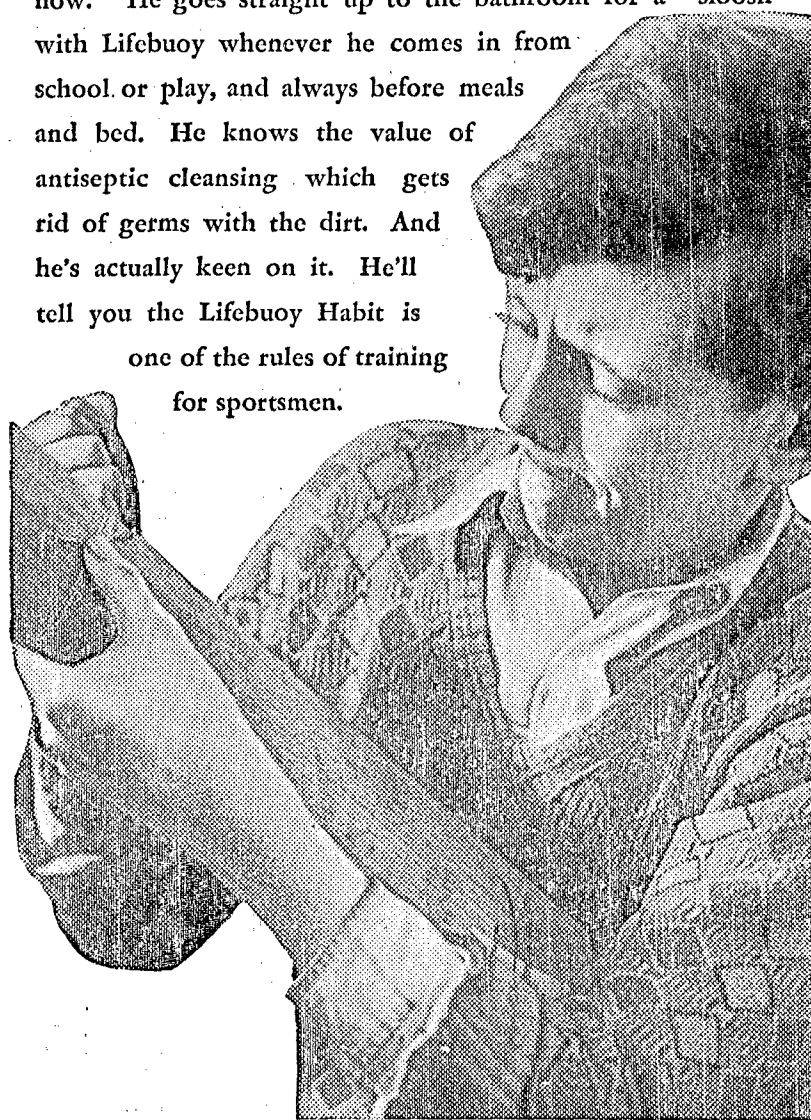
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He's in the team this year

How proud he was at tea-time when he came home with the news. Proud? A peacock wasn't in it! And to think what a worry he used to be — always missing chances at the last minute through one infection or another. It's a different story now. He's picked up wonderfully the last year or two . . . ever since he started the Lifebuoy Habit. It's been the making of him. It's second nature to him now. He goes straight up to the bathroom for a "sloosh" with Lifebuoy whenever he comes in from school or play, and always before meals and bed. He knows the value of antiseptic cleansing which gets rid of germs with the dirt. And he's actually keen on it. He'll tell you the Lifebuoy Habit is one of the rules of training for sportsmen.



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THE MODERN BOY

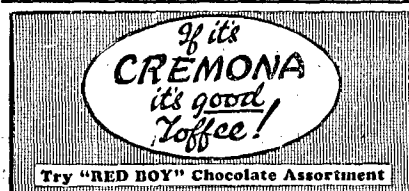
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President—WALTER SCOLES, Esq.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 28, 1932

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

A Journey by Car

IN driving a distance of 180 miles Smith takes half an hour longer than Jones, and he takes one minute longer to drive 15 miles than Jones does to drive 16. How long does he take for the whole journey?

Answer next week

Ten in One

ON the Southern Railway in Surrey is a station with a name of only eight letters, but it contains ten words which can be spelled without altering the sequence of the letters. The station is Norbiton, and the words are: No, nor, or, orb, orbit, bit, it, to, ton, on.

Find the Words

WITH these letters form six words of equal length. The second word is obtained by changing one letter of the first, the third by changing one letter of the second, and so on. The five letters altered will, if rearranged, form another word.

ACCCDDEENNNOOOO
PRRRRRSSSSSSWW

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



Le noeud Le laurier Une échelle

Elle ne peut pas défaire ce noeud. Le héros fut couronné de lauriers. Qui a mis l'échelle contre le mur?

Our World is Full of Rhyming Things

OUR world is full of rhyming things,
A world that whistles, chimes, and sings;
We should not love the world so long
If God had not invented song.
If clouds and stars were swept away,
And all the skies were still and grey,
No dawn, no dusk, nor rain, nor sun,
So life would be if song were done.

If folk were never girls or boys
With fairy tales and coloured toys,
If men were greybeards at their birth,
So drear would be a songless Earth.
Then God be thanked Who gave us birds
And poets making tunes with words,
Who crowned His gifts with last and best,
And added song to all the rest.

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

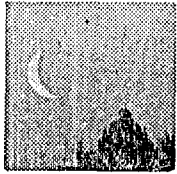
DICK had just started collecting foreign stamps, and he was very keen about it. Mummy sometimes had Spanish ones from a friend abroad, and of course he "swopped" with boys at school. So he spent hours arranging them in his album.

Then one day he saw an advertisement of a packet of twenty foreign stamps for twopence, and he begged Mummy to let him send for them. His mother usually did not allow him to buy stamps, but just to give his collection a good start she said he might. She gave him two penny stamps to put inside the letter, but she had no more for the envelope.

"You can run to the post-office before you go to bed,"

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East, and Mars is in the East. In the evening Jupiter and Neptune are in the South-West, and Venus is in the West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 a.m. on Tuesday, May 31.



Giles Buys Poultry

FARMER GILES bought seven hens and eleven ducks for 55 shillings. He then bought a further thirteen hens and five ducks at a cost of 52 shillings. The cost of each bird was the same as in his first purchase.

What was the price of a duck?

Answer next week

Long Ago

Ski-ing. There is nothing very new about the sport of ski-ing. Its beginnings are lost in the shadowy days before history began. The old heathen religion of Scandinavia had a god named Ull who was the patron saint of ski-runners. An ancient runic stone preserved at Upland in Sweden is carved with a picture of a ski-runner. His skis are not of equal length, but the shorter one was used for propelling himself along and the longer was for running on.

Railway Lines Are Magnets

THE steel rails on a railway track become magnetised by the friction of the wheels passing over them. Rails running north and south are said to last longer than those running east and west, because in the rails running north and south the magnetic force is undisturbed, while in the east and west rails it is resisted.

A Puzzle Name

ONE thousand and one pray combine,
And five times ten to the same join;
Then twenty hundredweight just take.

These rightly join, and they will make
Of an heroic bard the name
Which stands high in the lists of fame.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Paying the Bills 4 days.

A Charade. Gas-pipe.

What Is This? Mistake.

Useful Articles. 1 and 9 is Teasel, 2 and 8 is Hard-wear (ware), 3

and 14 is a Cup-board, 4 and 16 is a Maltress, 5

and 41 is a Carpet, 6 and 10 is a Washstand, 13

and 7 is a Wardrobe, 12 and 15 is a Saucepan.

RAILWAY

Diagonal Acrostic

L A T T I C E

A I R S H I P

B U B B L E S

S T A R T E R

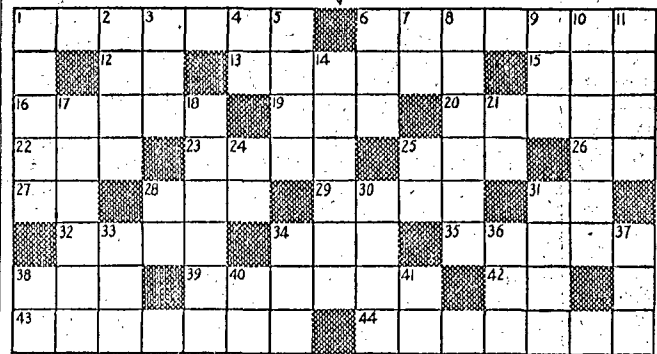
L U G G A G E

R H U B A R B

A N E M O N E

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 52 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. Conviction. 6. Repeat. 12. Accomplish. 13. Missed. 15. Open grass land. 16. Molars. 19. Used in printing. 20. Surrounded by water. 22. A historical period. 23. Troubles. 25. Consumed. 26. Musical note. 27. Royal Academy. 28. Ontario. 29. Preposition. 31. Interjection expressing inquiry. 32. To bid go. 34. Exist. 35. To let again. 38. A fair. 39. Parts of a coat. 42. Old Style. 43. A piece left over. 44. Beautiful songsters.

Reading Down. 1. A furred aquatic mammal. 2. A notion. 3. Negative. 4. Preposition. 5. Small metal spike. 6. Class. 7. Same as 26 across. 8. One who conducts a newspaper. 9. Everyone. 10. To cut teeth. 11. Comfort. 14. Secure. 17. Removed. 18. To manipulate. 21. Compass point. 24. Pronoun. 25. There. 28. Above and touching. 30. Girl's name. 31. Otherwise. 33. Termination. 34. Suitable. 36. Immeasurable period. 37. Contraction of it is. 38. Achieve. 40. Indefinite article. 41. Symbol for silicon.

Dr MERRYMAN

Of Course Not

SNIP: That child cried for a whole hour.

Snap: And didn't she get it?

Runner Beans?

THEY were boasting about their gardens on the 8.45. Smith and Jones had had wonderful luck with their seeds.

"Well," said Robinson when they had finished, "yesterday I planted some beans and this morning they were up."

Smith and Jones looked at each other and then at Robinson.

"Quite true," said Robinson, "my chickens got loose."

Gollywog's Haircut



GOLLY at the barber's slept, waiting for a shave and trim. When he woke he nearly wept, Barber Dolly blinked at him: "Sorry, sir, if I've done wrong! But," he said, "your hair was long!"

Unsteady

A MAN was consoling a friend who had had money in a bank which had failed.

"And were you not upset by the failure?" the man asked.

"No," was the reply; "but I lost my balance."

An Accomplishment

THE American visitor was asked if he had seen the natural bridge in Virginia.

"Seen it?" he echoed. "I should say I have. Why, I helped to build it."

Most Original

THE proud parent was talking to her son's teacher.

"I'm sure you must have noticed that Johnny has very original ideas," she said.

"Yes, I have," agreed the teacher, "especially in arithmetic."

DICK'S STAMPS

"Really?" he said. "It's extremely good of you. I wouldn't dream of taking advantage of your kindness only my letter is really extremely important. Are you sure yours can wait till tomorrow?"

"Yes," said Dick, though he was a little disappointed. The old gentleman gave Dick his three-halfpence and took his stamps most gratefully.

Walking back together, Dick told his new friend all about his stamp collection. The old gentleman put his hand on Dick's shoulder.

"Well," he said, "now just tell me your address. I have a large packet of foreign stamps in my drawer which have been waiting for an enthusiastic collector for years!"



"You can have mine"

office will be shut, but you can get the stamps from the stamp-box. You know where to find it."

Dick nodded and raced off.

He got the halfpenny stamp first and then the penny one.

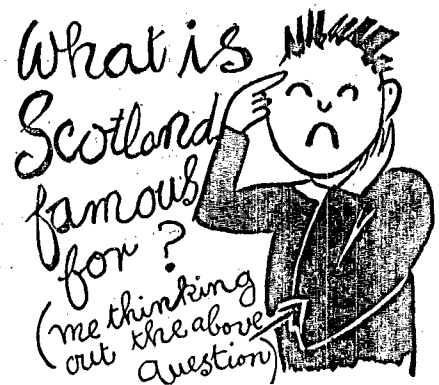
He hurried because there was an old gentleman waiting to get stamps too. As he took his penny stamp he saw that it was the last, for a little metal plate had slipped across the slot saying Empty.

"Dear, dear!" said the gentleman over Dick's head. "That's most annoying! Now I can't post this letter, and it's very important. How careless of me to have run out of stamps!"

He seemed so upset that Dick paused before sticking the stamps on his letter, for an idea struck him.

"Here," he said to the old gentleman, "you can have my stamps if you like. I can post my letter tomorrow."

The gentleman seemed to be quite overcome.



Our Geography Master wants to know "WHAT IS SCOTLAND FAMOUS FOR?" He might as well look in the book and see but he says I've got to tell him for homework. This is what I've written: (I shan't show him the drawings as they're very modern art and he might not understand).

WHAT SCOTLAND IS FAMOUS FOR

Scotland is famous for many things and people. For instance, there is Harry Lauder and Ramsay MacDonald and Porridge and Blue Bells (what I play on the piano) and Haggis and Bagpipes and Burns (the poet) and burns (meaning brooks). Scotland is most famous of all as a holiday resort and going there is real good. We went by the London, Midland and Scottish Railway on the "Royal Scot" from Euston. It roared along with such a pleasant motion that I was soon asleep, but not before I had had a good dinner in the Dining Car. What a feed! Everyone goes to sleep after. There was a lamp on each little table and waiters waited on us.

Scotland is famous for its lovely scenery. Every inch of it is worth seeing and we took circular tours on the railway from many towns. One tour from Glasgow took us to the Trossachs, Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond which is full of tiny islands and lies beneath towering Ben Lomond and other mountains in the same range. We liked the west coast of Scotland, above the Firth of Clyde best, with Oban as the centre. It is so interesting if you can remember your History or if there is someone there to remind you. For instance, the wood of Lettermore was where "The Red Fox," Colin Roy Campbell, of Glenure, was shot dead. This story is told by Robert Louis Stevenson in "Kidnapped." Of course, everyone that isn't the least bit historical has heard of Harry Lauder's famous song "Tobermory." This is a little place in the Isle of Mull. The Island of Iona, off the west coast, is only 3½ miles long and 1½ miles broad and is a sort of cemetery for ancient kings. There are 48 Scottish kings buried there besides kings of Ireland, Norway and France. John o' Groats House, at the very North of Scotland, was built in the sixteenth century by a Dutchman. It has eight doors in order to bring peace to a family of eight brothers who quarrelled because each wanted to sit at the head of the table next to the door.

We also went to the Isle of Skye on the L.M.S. from Lochalsh and on the way passed the battlefield of Bannockburn where Robert Bruce (of spider fame) won the day. It was at Scone (what a funny name!) that Scottish kings used to be crowned.

Scotland is famous, too, for its golf courses. Dad likes them better than scenery and they are all along the Ayrshire coast which is a flat stretch of beautiful sand and dunes and full of fine towns. Glen-eagles is another famous course in Perthshire.

A good tip -
Goto Scotland
this year.